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THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES
THE LIBRARY OF

THE WORKS OF
HIS GRACE GEORGE VILLIERS,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CONTAINING

HIS PLAYS AND MISCELLANIES IN PROSE AND VERSE,
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, IN THE STRAND.
M.DCC.LXXV.

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THE RESTORATION:

OR,

RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

THE

PROLOGUE.

NOTHING is harder in the world to do,
Than to quit what our nature leads us to.
As this our friend here proves, who, having ſpent
His time and wealth for other folks content;
Tho' he ſo much as thanks could never get,
Can't, for his life, quite give it over yet;
But, ſtriving ſtill to pleaſe you, hopes he may,
Without a grievance, try to mend a play.
Perhaps he wiſh'd it might have been his fate
To lend a helping hand to mend the ſtate:
Tho' he conceives, as things have lately run,
'Tis ſomewhat hard at preſent to be done.
Well, let that paſs, the ſtars that rule the rout,
Do what we can, I ſee, muſt whirl about:
But here's the devil on't, that, come what will,
His ſtars are ſure to make him loſer ſtill.
When all the *Polls* together made a din,
Some to put out, and others to put in,
And every where his fellows got and got
From being nothing to be God knows what;
He, for the public, needs would play a game,
For which he has been trounc'd by public fame;
And to ſpeak truth, ſo he deſerv'd to be
For his dull clowniſh ſingularity:
For when the faſhion is to break one's truſt,
'Tis rudeneſs then to offer to be juſt.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King.
Philander, true heir to the crown.
Thraſomond, Prince of Spain.
Cleon, a Lord.
Agremont, Adelard, } Gentlemen, his confederates,
A Spaniard, Governor to Prince Thraſomond.

WOMEN.

Aramınta, the King's daughter.
Meleſinda { A modeſt lady attending on the Princeſs.
Alga, a wanton court lady.
Two other court ladies.
Euphroſyne, { Daughter to Cleon, but diſguiſed like a page, under the name of Endymion.

Scene, SICILY.

THE RESTORATION: OR, RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cleon, Agremont *and* Adelard.

Agr. HERE'S no body come yet.

Cleon. They had orders from the King to attend here. Beſides, it has been publiſhed, that no officer ſhould deny admiſſion to any gentleman that deſires to attend and hear.

Agr. Can you gueſs the cauſe of this ceremony?

Cleon. That's plain, Sir, the foreign Prince that's come to marry Araminta, heireſs to this kingdom.

Adel. Your diving politicians, and thoſe who would ſeem to have deep intelligence, give out that ſhe does not like him.

Cleon. O, Sir, the multitude ſpeak what they would have. But her father has ſent this Prince

ſo many aſſurances of the match before his coming over, that I think ſhe's reſolved to be ruled.

Agr. And will this foreign Prince enjoy both the kingdom of Sicily and Calabria, Sir?

Cleon. That it is ſo intended is moſt certain; but it will ſure be very troubleſome and difficult for him to enjoy them both in ſafety; the right heir to one of them being now living, and of ſo noble and virtuous a character, eſpecially when the people are poſſeſſed with an admiration of the bravery of his mind and pity of his injuries.

Agr. You mean Philander.

Cleon. I mean the ſame. His father, we all know, was unjuſtly driven by our late King of Calabria from his fruitful Sicily: I wiſh the blood I drew myſelf in thoſe accurſed wars was well waſh'd off.

Agr. My ignorance of the affairs of Sicily will not let me know how it comes to paſs that Philander (being heir to one of theſe kingdoms) the King ſhould ſuffer him to go abroad ſo much at liberty.

Cleon. Your temper is more fortunate, I find, than to buſy yourſelf in enquiring after ſtate news; but I muſt tell you that lately the King riſqu'd

riſqu'd both his kingdoms for offering to impriſon Philander. For the city roſe in arms, nor could be quell'd by any threats or force, till they ſaw the Prince ride thro' the ſtreets unguarded; and then throwing up their caps with loud huzzas and bonfires, they laid aſide their military appointments. This reaſon politicians give for the marriage of his daughter to a foreign Prince, that he may be able to keep his own people in awe by his forces.

Agr. Who is this Prince's father?

Cleon. A perſon of mean extraction, but by wiles and arts obtaining power, uſurp'd the kingdom where he reigns, and keeps it under by a ſtanding army, which our King intends to copy.

Enter Meleſinda, Alga, *a lady and a Spaniard.*

Adel. See the ladies, what's the firſt?

Cleon. A worthy lady that attends the Princeſs.

Adel. The other that follows her?

Cleon. She is one that loves to try the ſeveral conſtitutions of mens' bodies, and indeed has deſtroyed her own by making experiments upon them, for the good of the commonwealth.

Agr. Of which ſhe is certainly a very profitable member.

Adel. And pray what odd grave fellow's that who follows alone?

Cleon. One of Prince Thraſomond's train, and his governour.

Agr. Why? is that Prince a boy?

Cleon. Yes, he's a pretty forward boy about four and twenty.

Adel. That is a forward boy indeed; when will he be a man?

Cleon. Never; he'll live a boy till threeſcore, and then turn child again.

May you have your deſires, ladies!

Alga. Then you muſt ſit down by us.

Adel. With all our hearts, ladies.

Gover. I will ſit near this lady.

Mel. Not near me, Sir, but there's a lady loves a ſtranger, and you appear to me a very ſtrange fellow.

Agr. Madam, how ſtrange ſoever he is, he will not be ſo long, for I perceive he can quickly be acquainted.

Adel. Peace; the King.

Enter King, Thraſomond, Araminta *and Train.*

King. To give a ſtronger teſtimony of love
Than only promiſes (which commonly

In princes find at once both birth and burial)
We've drawn you by our letters, noble Prince,
To make here your addreſſes to our daughter.
And yourſelf known and lov'd by all our ſubjects.
As for this lady maid, whoſe ſex and innocence
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and bluſhes:
I hope her modeſty ſo recommends her to you for a wife,
Were ſhe not fair enough to be a miſtreſs.
Laſtly, my noble ſon, (for ſo I now muſt call you)
That I have done this publicly, is not
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all, and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of theſe kingdoms
By oath to your ſucceſſion; this ſhall be
Within a week at moſt.

Adel. This will be hardly done.

Agr. It muſt be ill done whenſoever it is done.

Cleon. At leaſt it will be but half done whilſt ſo brave a man is thrown off and living.

Enter Philander.

Officer. Make room there for the Lord Philander.

Adel. Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear.

King.

King. What brings him here? You're curious
I find
To ſee this interview.
Phil. The wonders, Sir, your Majeſty has often
ſpoken in praiſe
Of Thraſomond, makes me deſire to hear
What he can ſay himſelf.
Gover. Come, now begin.
Thraſ. Kiſſing your white hand, miſtreſs, I take
leave
To thank your royal father, and thus far
To be my own free trumpet: then obſerve,
Great King, and theſe your ſubjects, mine that
muſt be.
For ſo deſerving you have ſpoke me, Sir,
(And ſo deſerving I dare ſpeak myſelf)
To a perſon of what eminence,
What expectation, what faculties,
Manners and virtues you will wed your kingdoms;
You have in me, all you can wiſh. This country
By more than all my hopes, I hold moſt happy
In their dear memories, that have been kings
Both great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age,) do I

Opine

Opine myſelf of all moſt happy, Sir.
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There ſhall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flouriſhing both fenc'd and ſear'd,
But thro' the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country: And I vow
My reign ſhall be ſo eaſy to the ſubjects,
That every man ſhall be his prince himſelf,
And his own law, yet I his prince and law.
And, deareſt lady, to your deareſt ſelf;
Dear in the choice of him, (whoſe name and luſtre
Muſt make you more and mightier,) let me ſay,
You are the bleſſed'ſt living: for, ſweet Princeſs,
You ſhall enjoy a man to be your ſervant,
And you ſhall make him your's for whom great Queens
Muſt die and ſigh.—

Phil. Thou ugly ſilly rogue.

Cleon. I wonder what's his price, for one may ſee
He has a mind to ſell himſelf by his praiſes.

Agr. Would I might die if I ſee any thing
In him to raiſe him but to a conſtable.

Adel. Now do I fancy that this ſpeech was made by the governor.

Agr. O' my conſcience I think ſo too, for by his

his action you might ſee the fool did not underſtand what he ſaid.

Cleon. Well, we ſhall ſee more of it anon.

Phil. May I beg leave, Sir, of your Majeſty,
To ſpeak a word or two with this ſtrange prince?

King. I give it you; but ſtill remember that you are a ſubject.

Phil. Yes, Sir, I am ſo: and more a ſlave to Araminta,
And in ſpight of thee and fate will be ſo ever. [*Aſide.*
Thus—I turn myſelf to you, big foreign man,
Ne'er ſtare nor put on wonder, for you muſt
Endure me, and you ſhall. This earth you tread on
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princeſs,
Whoſe very name I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (O! I had a father!)
To your inheritance; and I up and living,
Having myſelf about me and my ſword,
Theſe arms, and ſome few friends beſides the gods,
To part ſo calmy with it, and ſit ſtill;
And ſay I might have been! I tell thee, Thraſomond,
When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name loſt: hear, hear me, Thraſomond,
This very ground thou go'ſt on, this fat earth,

My

My father's friends made fertile with their faith,
Before that day of ſhame ſhall gape, and ſwallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; Prince, it ſhall,
By Nemeſis it ſhall.

Cleon. Here's a fellow has ſome fire in his veins.
The out-landiſh Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

King. You do diſpleaſe us: you're now too bold.

Phil. No, Sir, I am too tame;
Too much a dove, a thing born without paſſion;
A very ſhadow, that each drunken cloud
Sails over, and makes nothing.

King. What means this?
Call our phyſicians; ſure he's ſomewhat tainted.

Adel. I do not think 'twill prove ſo.

Cleon. 'Has given him a general purge already, and now
He means to let him blood. Be conſtant, gentlemen,
By theſe hilts I'll run his hazard, tho' I run my name
Out of the kingdom.

Thraſ. Muſt I ſpeak now? [*To his governor.*

Gov. Ay, ay, and do it home.

Thraſ. What you have ſeen in me to ſtir offence
I cannot tell, except it be this lady,

Whom

Whom the king offer'd me without my ſeeking.
And I expect he will ſecure her to me.

Gov. You muſt be angry, Sir.

Thraſ. Well then, I will.——
I value not whoſe branch you are, my blood
And perſon do deſerve her well, and I
Therefore aſſure you that ſhe ſhall be mine.

Phil. If thou were ſole inheritor to him
That once ſubdu'd the world, and could'ſt ſee no ſun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Thraſomond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And reign'd among the choiceſt of his friends,
Such as would bluſh to talk ſuch ſerious follies,
Or back ſuch bellied commendations.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince, I gave you not
The freedom here to brave our beſt of friends;
You deſerve our frown. Go to,----and be better
temper'd.

Phil. It muſt be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

King. Tell me what you aim at in your riddles.

Phil. Had you my eyes, Sir, and my ſufferings,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now naught but hopes and
fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.

King. Give me your wrong in private.

Phil. Take 'em then, [*Whiſpers.*

And eaſe me of a load would bow ſtrong Atlas.

Agr. He dares not ſtand the ſhock.

Cleon. I cannot blame him, there's danger in it; every man in this age has not a breaſt of chriſtal for all men to read their thoughts through. Mens hearts and faces are ſo far aſunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view your ſtranger well, and you ſhall ſee a fever thro' all his bravery. If he give not back his crown again on the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to: be more of yourſelf, as you expect
Our favour, elſe you will ſtir our anger;
I muſt have you know you are and ſhall be at
Our pleaſure: ſmooth your brow, or by the gods--

Phil. I'm dead, Sir, you're my fate: it was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak ſtars lead me to; all my weak fortunes.
Who now, in all this preſence, dares (that is
A man of fleſh, and is but mortal) tell me
I do not moſt entirely love this Prince,
And honour his full virtues?

King. He's poſſeſt.

Phil. Yes, with my father's ſpirit. Tis' here O king!

A dangerous ſpirit, now he tells me king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whiſpers to me theſe are all my ſubjects:
'Tis ſtrange he will not let me ſleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me ſhapes,
That kneel, and do me ſervice, call me King;
But I'll ſuppreſs him, 'tis a factious ſpirit.

King. I do not like this;
I'll make you tamer, or I'll diſpoſſeſs
You both of life and ſpirit: for this time
I pardon your wild ſpeech, without ſo much
As your impriſonment.

[*Exeunt* King, Thraſomond *and Train.*

Cleon. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the people.
See how his fancy labours: has he not
Spoke home and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he ſhook the king!
Made his ſoul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It ſtood upon his brows
Like a cold winter's dew. Let's ſpeak to him.

Agr. How do you, worthy Sir?

Phil. Well, very well;
So well, that if it pleaſe the King, I may live
Many years.

Cleon. The king muſt pleaſe,
Whilſt we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and merits. Shrink not, noble Sir,
But think ſtill of your father, in whoſe name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance; th' abuſed people,
Who like to raging torrents ſhall ſwell high,
And ſo begirt the dens of theſe male dragons,
That thro' the ſtrongeſt ſafety they ſhall beg
For mercy at your ſword's point.

Phil. Friends, no more:
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not truſt our wills to: do you love me?

Cleon. Do we love worth and honour?

Phil. I thank you, Sir;
My lord, pray is your daughter living?

Cleon. Yes;
And for the penance of an idle dream
Has undertaken a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phil. Is it to me you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord.
The Princeſs would intreat your company.

Phil. The Princeſs ſend for me? Sure you're miſtaken.

Lady. If you are called Philander.

Phil. If ſhe but now will love or kill me I am happy.

I will this moment attend thee to her

[*Exit with* Lady.

Cleon. Go on, and be thou as truly happy as th' art fearleſs.

Come, gentlemen, let us make our friends acquainted,

Leſt the king prove falſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Araminta *and* Lady.

Ara. Will Philander come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me at firſt,

Ara. But didſt thou tell me he would come?

How look'd he when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Ara. And was he not a little fearful!

Lady. How! fearful! ſure he knows not what that is.

Ara. You are all of his faction, the whole court

Is bold in praiſe of him?

Lady. Madam, his looks methought did ſhew much more

Of love than fear.

Ara. Of love! To whom? To you?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Ara. Of love to me! Alas! Thy ignorance
Let's thee not ſee the croſſneſs of our births.
Nature that loves not to be queſtioned
Why ſhe did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows that ſhe does well; never gave the world
Two things ſo oppoſite, ſo contrary
As he and I am.

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Ara. Bring him in.
Ye gods! that will not have your dooms withſtood,
Whoſe holy wiſdom, at this time it is
To make the paſſion of a feeble mind
The way to your great juſtice. I obey.

Enter Philander.

Lady. Here is my lord Philander.

Ara. 'Tis well.----What ſhall I ſay?

Phil. Madam, your meſſenger
Made me believe you ſent to ſpeak with me.

Ara. 'Tis true, Philander, but the words are ſuch,
So unbecoming of a virgin's mouth,

That I could wiſh 'em ſaid by any other body.
Can you not gueſs what 'tis that I would ſay?
Phil. When I behold
That heav'nly frame, I find ſuch ſweetneſs there,
I cannot think you guilty of a thought
Which has a harſhneſs in it, much leſs a cruelty.
But then, when I conſider who you are,
And what your father is, how can I chuſe
But fear you muſt intend my utter ruin.
Ara. You are not well acquainted with my thoughts,
Tho' they are ſuch as make me bluſh as oft
As I would fain diſcover them to you;
Yet for my life I cannot think them ill,
Nor wiſh them other, than what juſt they are.
Phil. Why won't you tell them then?
Ara. Becauſe I dare not tell them.
Phil. Yes you may:
Let them be ne'er ſo cruel, I will here
My doom with patience, and obey it too.
Say you would have my life, I'll give it you;
For 'tis of me a thing ſo loath'd, and of
So ſmall a uſe to you, who aſk it of me,
That I ſhall make no price if you would have it.

Ara.

Ara. Why then it is your life that I muſt have,
Your whole entire life, or loſe my own.

Phil. I gladly thus reſign it to you: here,
Draw this and kill me; I ſhall thank you for it:
For ſince my cruel fortune has decreed,
That you muſt never, madam, give conſent
To what alone can make me live with eaſe,
The dying by your hand is all I covet.

Ara. Oh! 'tis not ſo, Philander, that I mean;
Kill you! no, I'd ſooner die myſelf
Than offer you but once the leaſt offence.
Why I would rather kill myſelf than live,
If't be my fate that you would have it ſo.
By all the holy powers I would. Good gods!
Cannot you gueſs my meaning yet.

Phil. Oh heavens!
What is't ſhe means! It cannot ſure be love;
And yet ſhe is too full of noble thoughts
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which ſhe might have for aſking: madam, you
Perplex my mind ſo much with what you ſay,
I know not what to think; I know well what
To wiſh for; I ſo earneſtly do wiſh it
That indeed I can think of nothing elſe.
'Twas not the fear of loſing of a crown

That gave my tongue ſuch rage 'fore you this day.
The crown's a thing of which I feel no want,
But that I have it not to offer you.
There is another fear lies deeper here,
The fear of loſing that on which my life
Depends; and which I ne'er ſhall tamely part with;
For, madam, know, while poor Philander lives,
'Tis but in vain your father ſhall pretend
To marry you to any but----

Ara. But to whom?

Phil. But to him who wants the impudence to hope
So great a bleſſing: one who harbours thoughts
Of what he is ſo mean and humble in
Reſpect of you, that were his council aſk'd
Whether or no you ought to make him happy,
He fears he hardly could adviſe you to it;
Who is however ſtill reſolved to die,
Before he ſees you given to another;
And therefore on his knees begs you to kill him.

Ara. Another ſoul into my body ſhot,
Could not have warm'd my heart with more new life
Than theſe your words have done; had you but ſtaid,

A little

A little longer I had vow'd the ſame;
But I am wretched now, unleſs you love me.

Phil. Love you!
My ſoul adores you with ſo ſtrong a zeal,
So far above the rate of common love,
That mine deſerves a more exalted name,
If any more exalted I could find.

Ara. I have then no more to aſk of heav'n;
And ſure our love will meet the greater bleſſing,
In that the greateſt juſtice of the gods
Is blended with it. But you muſt not ſtay,
Leſt ſome unwelcome gueſt ſhould find you here.
Think how we may continue a ſecret way
To keep intelligence betwixt us, that
On all occaſions we may both agree,
Which path is beſt to tread.

Phil. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I think, for this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him ſitting by a fountain ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears:
A garland by him lay, made by himſelf,
Of many ſeveral flowers he'd in the bay
Stuck in that myſtick order, that the rareneſs

Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him of his ſtory.
He told me that his parents lately dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the field,
Which gave him roots, and of the chriſtal ſprings,
Which did not ſtop their ſtreams; and of the ſun,
Which ſtill, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
I gladly entertain'd him, who was as glad to follow;
And I've got the trueſt and moſt faithful boy alive,
Him will I ſend to bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to kiſs your hands.

Ara. For heaven's ſake, dear Philander, hide yourſelf.

Phil. Hide me from Thraſomond! when thunder roars,
Which is Jove's voice, tho' Jove I do revere,
I hide me not? ſhall then a foreign Prince
Have leave to brag to any foreign nation,
That he did make Philander hide himſelf?

Ara.

Ara. Why then ſay nothing to him.

Phil. I'll obey.

Enter Thraſomond.

Thraſ. My princely miſtreſs, as true lovers ought,
I came to kiſs thoſe fair hands, and to ſhew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love,
Writ here within my heart.

Phil. If I can have no other anſwer,
I am gone.

Thraſ. To what would he have anſwer?

Ara. To his claim, as he pretends, to his father's crown.

Thraſ. Sir, I did let you alone to-day before the King.

Phil. Sir, do ſo ſtill, I would not talk with you.

Thraſ. But now the time is fit. Do but name the leaſt pretence or title to a crown.

Phil. Peace, Thraſomond,—if thou——

Ara. Philander, hold.——

Phil. I have done.

Thraſ. You're gone, I'll fetch you back again.

Phil. You ſhall not need.

Thraſ. What now?

Phil. Know, Thraſomond,

I loath

I loath to brawl with ſuch a blaſt as thou,
Who art nothing but a valiant voice: but if
Thou ſhalt provoke me farther, men ſhall ſay,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Thraſ. Do you ſlight my greatneſs ſo?
And in the chamber of the Princeſs?

Phil. It is a place, to which I muſt confeſs,
I owe a reverence. But wer't in a church,
Nay, at an altar; there's no place ſo ſafe,
Where thou dar'ſt injure me, but I dare kill thee;
And for your greatneſs know, Sir, I can graſp
You and your greatneſs thus, thus into nothing;
Give me not a word back.—Farewel. [*Exit.*

Thraſ. 'Tis an odd fellow this as e'er I ſaw.
I'll ſtop his mouth hereafter with ſome office.

Ara. You had beſt to make him your counſellor,

Thraſ. I think he would diſcharge it well. But, Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet ſo ſlow
The ceremonies of ſtate are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be ſo, therefore now,
Without expecting farther ceremonies,
Let us enjoy ſome ſtol'n delights together.

Ara. Since you dare utter this I muſt withdraw.
[*Exit.*

Thraſ.

Thraſ. Nay, if you are ſo ſqueamiſh thank yourſelf,
If I ſhould try elſewhere.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philander, Endymion.

Phil. AND thou ſhalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thy own modeſty, and for my ſake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to aſk.

End. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
And only yet am ſomething by being yours;
You truſted me unknown; and that which you
Were apt to conſtrue innocence in me,
Might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miſeries and me; for which,
I never can expect to ſerve a lady
That bears more honour in her breaſt than you.

Phil.

Phil. But, boy, it will prefer thee, thou art young,
And bear'ſt a childiſh overflowing love
To them that ſpeak thee fair; when thy age
And judgment once ſhall end thoſe paſſions,
Thou wilt remember beſt theſe careful friends
That plac'd thee in the nobleſt way of life;
She is a Princeſs I prefer thee to.

End. In that ſmall time that I have ſeen the world,
I never knew a man haſty to part
With ſervants he thought truſty: I remember
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too ſaucy for himſelf.

Phil. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

End. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, inſtruct my youth;
I ſhall be willing, if not apt to learn:
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not paſt all hope
For once; what maſter holds ſo ſtrict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him

Without

Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my ſtubborneſs, if it be ſo,
Rather than turn me off, and I ſhall mend.

Phil. Thy love doth plead ſo prettily to ſtay,
That, truſt me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'ſt
It is my buſineſs that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'ſt with me:
Think ſo, and 'tis ſo: and when time is full,
And thou haſt well diſcharg'd this heavy truſt,
Laid on ſo weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live I will:
Nay, weep not, gentle boy, 'tis more than time
Thou did'ſt attend the Princeſs.

End. I am gone;
But ſince I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I ſhall live to do
More ſervice for you, take this little pray'r;
Heav'n bleſs your loves, your fights, all your de-
ſigns;
May ſick men, if they have your wiſh, be well;
And heav'n hate thoſe you curſe, tho' I be one.
[*Exit.*

Phil. The love of boys unto their lords is ſtrange,
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy,

Fo

For my ſake (if a man may judge by looks
And ſpeech) would outdo their ſtory: I may ſee
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit.*

Enter Araminta *and a* Lady.

Ara. Where is the boy?

Lady. I think within, madam.

Ara. But are his cloaths made yet?

Lady. He has 'em on.

Ara. 'Tis a pretty ſad talking boy this, is
He not? I would fain know his name.

Lady. Endymion, madam.

Enter Meleſinda.

Ara. Oh, you are welcome: What good news?

Mel. As good as any one can tell your Highneſs,
That ſays ſhe has done that you would have wiſh'd.

Ara. Haſt thou diſcover'd?

Mel. Yes. I have ſtrain'd a point
Of modeſty for you.

Ara. I prithee how?

Mel. In liſt'ning after baudry. I perceive
Let a lady live never ſo modeſtly,
She will be ſure to meet one time or other
Without opportunities of hearing that.

Your

Your Prince, brave Thraſomond, has been ſo amorous,
And in ſo excellent a ſtile!

Ara. With whom?

Mel. Why, with the lady that I did ſuſpect. I am inform'd both of the time and place.

Ara. O when! and where!

Mel. To night: her chamber.

Ara. Run
Thyſelf into the preſence; mingle there
With other ladies; leave the reſt to me.
If deſtiny (to whom we dare not ſay
Why thou didſt this) have not decreed it ſo,
In laſting leaves, (whoſe ſmalleſt characters
Were never alter'd) then this match ſhall break.
Where is the boy?

Lady. Here, Madam.

Enter Endymion.

Ara. You are ſad,
I ſee, to change your ſervice, is't not ſo?

End. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you
To do him ſervice.

Ara. Thou diſclaim'ſt me then?
Philander told me thou canſt ſing and play.

End.

End. If grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Ara. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Was't a curſt maſter that thou hadſt at ſchool?
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are ſmooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them; believe me, boy,
Care ſeeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelf caves to abide in them.
Come, Sir, pray tell me truly, does your lord
Love me?

End. I know not, madam, what love is.

Ara. Can'ſt thou know grief, and never yet knew'ſt love;
Thou art deceiv'd, boy; does he ſpeak of me
As if he wiſh'd me well?

End. If it be love
To loſe the memory of all things elſe,
To forget all reſpect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To ſit croſs-arm'd, and ſigh away the day,
Mingled with ſtarts, crying your name as loud
And haſtily as men in th' ſtreets do fire:
If it be love to weep himſelf away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,

Or kill'd, becauſe it might have been your chance;
If when he goes to reſt, (which will not be)
'Twix ev'ry prayer he ſays, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be any ſign
Of love, then, madam, I dare ſwear he loves you.

Ara. O y' are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's ſervice: but thou know'ſt a lie
That bears this ſound is welcomer to me,
Than any truth that ſays he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy; do you attend me too;
'Tis thy lord's buſineſs haſtes me thus away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon, Agremont, Adelard, Alga, Meleſinda.

Cleon. Come, ladies, ſhall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women ſhould talk an hour;
After ſupper 'tis their exerciſe.

Mel. 'Tis late.

Alga. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Araminta, *and a guard.*

King. You gods, I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds wealth or ſtate from others, ſhall be curſt

In that which meaner men are bleſt withal:
Ages to come ſhall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name ſhall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It ſhall be croſsly match'd: the gods themſelves
Shall ſow diviſion 'twixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the faults
Which I have done; let not your vengeance fall
Upon this underſtanding child of mine:
She has not broke your laws; but how can I
Look to be heard of gods, who muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. Sir, I have aſk'd her women, but they, I think, are bawds: I told them I muſt ſpeak with her; they laugh'd, and ſaid their miſtreſs lay ſpeechleſs: I ſaid my buſineſs was important; they ſaid their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cry'd my buſineſs was a matter that concern'd life and death; they anſwer'd, ſo was that which their miſtreſs was a doing. Anſwers more direct I could not get: in ſhort, Sir, I conceive ſhe is very well employed.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: you o' th' guard,

Wait

Wait at the back-door of Alga's lodgings,
And ſee none paſs thence upon your lives,
But bring them to me whoſoe'er they be:
Knock, gentlemen, knock louder, louder yet:
What has their pleaſure ta'en away their hearing?

Maid. Who's there that knocks ſo at the dead of night?

Cleon. Some friends that are come here to pay you a viſit.

Enter the guard, bringing in Thraſomond, *in drawers, muffled up in a cloak.*

Guard. Sir, in obedience to your commands,
We ſtopt this fellow ſtealing out of doors.

[*They pull off his cloak.*

Agr. Who's this, the Prince?

Cleon. Yes; he's *incognito.*

King. Sir, I muſt chide you for this looſeneſs:
You've wrong'd a worthy lady; but no more.

Thraſ. Sir, I came hither but to ——

Agr. I, he's a devil at his anſwers.

King. Conduct him to his lodgings.
Come, Sirs, break open the doors.

Maid. You ſhall not enter here.

Agr. We muſt, and will.

Alga. Nay, let 'em enter; I am up and ready;
I know the buſineſs they come hither for;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt ſo after; let them have their wills.
My lord, the King, this is not noble in you,
To publiſh thus the weakneſs of a woman.

King. Come down.

Alga. I dare, my lord, for all your whiſpers;
This your baſe carriage ſhall not ſtartle me:
But I have vengeance ſtill in ſtore for ſome,
That ſhall in ſpight of this your great deſign,
Be joy and nouriſhment to all the nation.

King. Will you come down?

Alga. I will to laugh at you.
I'll vex you to the heart, if my ſkill fail not.

Cleon. 'Tis ſtrange that a lady cannot ride a ſtage or two to breath herſelf, but ſhe muſt be ruined for it.
If this geer holds, that lodgings be ſearch'd thus,
Pray heav'n we may lye with our own wives quietly.

Enter Alga.

King. Good madam Alga, where's your honour now?

No man can fit your palate but the Prince:
Thou moſt ill-ſhrouded rottenneſs, thou piece
Made by a painter and apothecary.
Had'ſt thou none to allure unto thy luſt,
But he that muſt be wedded to my daughter?
By all the gods, all theſe, and all the pages
Shall hoot you thro' the court; what, do you laugh?

Alga. Faith, Sir, your Majeſty muſt pardon me,
I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee you merry.
If you do this, O King, or dare to think on't,
By all thoſe gods you ſwore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows with me,
Such fellows as ſhall make you noble mirth:
The Princeſs, your dear daughter, ſhall ſtand by me,
She ſhall be hooted at as well as I.
Urge me no farther, Sir, I know her haunts,
Her layes and leaps, and will diſcover all;
Nay, will diſhonour her: I know the boy
She keeps; a handſome boy about eighteen;
Can tell what ſhe does with him; where and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madneſs,
The glory of a fury; and if I
Don't do it to the height—

King. What boy is this?

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Alga. Good-minded Prince, alas Sir, you know nothing;
I'm loth to utter more. Keep in this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people; or by heav'n
I will not fall alone: what I have known
Shall be as public as a print; nay, as
Your counſels, and by all as freely laugh'd at.

King. Has ſhe a boy?

Agr. I think I've ſeen one, Sir,
That waits upon her.

King. Get you to your quarter;
For this time I will ſtudy to forget you.

Alga. Do you ſtudy to forget me, and I'll ſtudy to forget you.

[*Exeunt* King, Alga *and guard.*

Agr. Why here's a male ſpirit for Hercules! If ever there be nine worthies of women this wench ſhall ride aſtride, and be their captain.

Cleon. Sure ſhe has a garriſon of devils in her tongue; ſhe utter'd ſuch balls of wild-fire, that all the doctors in the country will ſcarce cure him: that boy was a ſtrange found-out antidote to cure her infection. That boy, that Princeſs's boy, that brave, chaſte, virtuous lady's boy, and a fair boy,

boy, a well-ſpoken boy: all theſe conſidered can make nothing elſe

--------- But there I'll leave you, gentlemen.

Adel. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cleon, Agremont, Adelard.

Agr. NAY, doubtleſs, it is true.

Cleon. I and the gods
Have rais'd this puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his own iſſue: is it not a ſhame
For us that ſhould be freemen to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philander, preſt down from his royal right
By this regardleſs King? and only look
And ſee the ſcepter ready to be caſt
Into the hands of that lacivious lady,
That lives in luſt with a ſmooth boy, now to be
Marry'd to yon ſtrange prince, who, but that people

Pleaſe

Pleaſe to let him be a Prince, is born a ſlave
In that which ſhould be his moſt noble part,
His mind.

Adel. That man that will not ſtir with you
To aid Philander, let the gods forget
That ſuch a creature walks upon the earth.

Agr. Philander is too backward in't himſelf;
The gentry all wait for him, and the people,
Againſt their nature long to be in arms;
And like a field of ſtanding corn that moves
With a ſtiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Cleon. The only cauſe that draws Philander back
From this attempt is the fair Princeſs whom
I fear he loves.

Adel. He'll not believe it then.

Cleon. Why, gentlemen, 'tis without queſtion ſo.

Agr. 'Tis moſt true, ſhe lives diſhoneſtly:
But how ſhall we, if he be doubtful, work
Upon his faith.

Adel. Every one knows 'tis true.

Cleon. Since 'tis ſo, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge.
I'll ſay I knew it; nay, I'll ſwear I ſaw it.

Agr. It will be beſt.

Adel. Yes ſure, it muſt needs move him.

Cleon.

Cleon. Nothing but this will force him into action.

Enter Philander.

See, here he comes. Good-morrow to your grace;
We have been waiting for you.

Phil. Worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friends in miſeries, and cannot frown
On men diſgraced for virtue; a good day
Attend you all: what ſervice may I do
Worthy your expectation?

Cleon. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue (which we know
Lives in your breaſt) forth; riſe, and make head;
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this uſurping King; and not a man
That ever heard or knew of ſuch a thing
As virtue, but will ſecond your attempts.

Phil. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deſerved none? Know, my friends,
(You that were born to ſhame your poor Philander
With too much kindneſs) know I could afford
To melt myſelf in thanks; but my deſigns
Are not yet ripe: let it ſuffice, e're long
I ſhall employ you; but the time's not come.

Cleon. The time is fitter ſome than you expect;

That

That which hereafter hardly will be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught with eaſe.
As for the King, you know the people long
Did hate him; but the Princeſs now———
Phil. Why, what
Of her, I pray?
Cleon. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phil. By what ſtrange means?
Cleon. She's known a whore.
Phil. Thou ly'ſt. [*Offers to draw; is held.*
And thou ſhalt feel thou doſt; I thought thy mind
Was full of honour; thus to rob a lady
Of her good name is an infectious ſin
Not to be pardon'd; be it falſe as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd if it be ſown
Among the people, fruitful to increaſe
All evil they ſhall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſehood while it ſprings;
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the utmoſt top fall on his neck
Like thunder from a cloud.
Cleon. This is moſt ſtrange.
Sir, though you love her----
Phil. No, Sir, I love truth;

She is my miſtreſs; and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me: Sirs, let go my arms.
Adel. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Agr. Sir, remember
This is your honour'd friend, the good lord Cleon,
That comes to do you ſervice, and will ſhew
You why he utter'd this.
Phil. I aſk your pardon;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you
Behind your back, uutruly, I had been
As much diſtemper'd and enrag'd as now.
Cleon. But this is true.
Phil. O, good Sir, ſay not ſo,
Is it then true all woman-kind is falſe,
Urge it no more; it is impoſſible:
Why ſhould you think the Princeſs could be light?
Cleon. Becauſe, Sir, ſhe was taken in the fact.
Phil. 'Tis falſe; O heav'n! 'tis falſe: it cannot be;
Can it? ſpeak, gentlemen, for the love of truth;
Is't poſſible all women ſhould be damn'd?
Cleon. Why no, my lord.
Phil. Why, then it cannot be.
Cleon. And ſhe was taken with her boy.
Phil. What boy?

Cleon.

Cleon. A page; a boy that ſerves her.

Phil. Oh, good gods!
A little boy.

Cleon. Ay; know you him, my lord?

Phil. Sin and hell; know him! Sir, you are deceiv'd:
I'll reaſon it a little coldly with you:
If ſhe were luſtful, would ſhe take a boy
That knows not yet deſire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the ſin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedneſs:
You are abus'd, and ſo is ſhe and I.

Cleon. How you, my lord?

Phil. Why, all the world's abus'd
Is an unjuſt report.

Cleon. Your virtues, Sir,
Cannot look thro' the ſubtle thoughts of woman:
In ſhort, my lord, I took 'em; I, myſelf.

Phil. Now all the devils, thou did'ſt! Fly from my rage;
Would thou had'ſt taken fiends ingend'ring plagues,
When thou didſt take 'em; hide thee from my eyes;
Would thou had'ſt taken thunder on thy breaſt
When thou did'ſt take them, or been ſtrucken dumb
That ſo this deed for ever might have ſlept
In ſilence, *Adel.*

Adel. Have you known him ſo ill temper'd?

Agr. Never before.

Phil. The winds that are ſet looſe
From the four ſeveral corners of the world,
And ſpread themſelves all over ſea and land,
Kiſs not a chaſte one. What friend bears a ſword
To run me through.

Cleon. Why are you mov'd at this?

Phil. When any falls from virtue I am mad;
I am diſtracted; I've an intereſt in't.

Cleon. But, good my lord, recal yourſelf, and think
What's to be done?

Phil. I thank you: I will do't.
Pleaſe you to leave me, I'll conſider on't:
To-morrow I'll give you all my anſwer.

Cleon. The gods direct you.

[*Ex.* Cleon, Adel. Agr.

Phil. I had forgot to aſk him where he took 'em;
I'll follow him. O that I had a ſea
Within my breaſt, to quench the fire I feel:
More circumſtances will but fan this fire;
It more afflicts me now to know by whom
This deed is done, than ſimply that 'tis done:
And he that tells me this is honourable,

As

As far from lies, as ſhe is far from truth.
O that, like beaſts we could not grieve ourſelves
With that we ſee not! bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females ſtanding in their ſight;
But take them from 'em, and you take at once
Their ſpleens away, and they will fall again
Unto their paſtures, growing freſh and fat,
And taſte the waters of the ſprings as ſweet
As 'twas before, finding no ſtart in ſleep;
But miſerable man.----See, ſee, ye gods!

Enter Endymion.

He walks ſtill, and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame!
Not blaſted! is this juſtice! do you mean
T' intrap mortality, that you allow
Treaſon ſo ſmooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

End. Health to you, my Lord:
The Princeſs doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.

Phil. Oh, Endymion,
Now I perceive ſhe loves me; ſhe doth ſhew it
In loving thee, my boy; ſhe has made thee brave.

End. My lord, ſhe has attir'd me paſt my wiſh,

And

And paſt my merit, fit for her attendant,
Tho' far unfit for me who do attend.

Phil. Thou art grown courtly, boy; O let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to diſſemble here:
Here, by this paper, ſhe does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beſides, but unto me
A maiden ſnow, that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the Princeſs uſe thee;
For I ſhall gueſs her love to me by that.

End. Scarce like her ſervant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her, or had preſerv'd
Her fame or life, with hazard of my own;
As mothers fond do uſe their only ſons;
As I'd uſe one that's left unto my truſt,
For whom my life ſhould pay if he met harm.

Phil. Why, this is wondrous well, Endymion; but
What language pr'ythee, doth ſhe feed thee with?

End. Why, ſhe doth tell me, ſhe will truſt my youth
With all her loving ſecrets, and does call me
Her pretty ſervant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you, ſhe'll ſee my ſervices
Rewarded; and ſuch words, of that ſoft ſtrain,

That

That I am nearer weeping when ſhe ends,
Than e'er ſhe does begin.

Phil. So, ſo! This is
Much better ſtill.

End. Are not you well, my lord.

Phil. Well! yes, Endymion.

End. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue ſo evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietneſs
That I was wont to ſee.

Phil. Thou art deceiv'd,
My boy. And ſhe does ſtroke thy head?

End. Why, yes.

Phil. And ſhe does kiſs thee? Ha?

End. How's that, my lord?

Phil. She kiſſes thee, my boy.

End. Not ſo, my lord.

Phil. Come, come, I know ſhe doth.

End. No, by my life.

Phil. Why, then ſhe does not love me; come
ſhe does,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We ſhould enjoy, to yield thee all delights,
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt enjoy her: tell me, boy, is ſhe
Not far above compare? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breaſts two liquid ivory balls?
Is not ſhe all a laſting mine of joy?

End. Ay, now I ſee why my diſturbed thoughts
Were ſo perplex'd; when firſt I went to her
My heart held augury: you are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you: I do ſee
Whereto you tend: fall rocks upon his head
That put this in you; 'tis ſome ſubtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phil. Thou think'ſt I will be angery with thee; come,
Thou ſhalt know all my drift; I hate her more
Than I love happineſs, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Haſt thou diſcover'd? Has ſhe fallen to luſt,
As I would wiſh her? Speak ſome comfort to me.

End. My lord, you did miſtake the boy you ſent:
Had ſhe the luſt of ſparrows or of goats;
Had ſhe a ſin that lay hid from the world,
Beyond the name of luſt, I would not aid
Her baſe deſires; but what I came to know,

As ſervant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life laſt ages.

Phil. Oh my heart!
This is a ſalve worſe than the main diſeaſe.
Tell me thy thoughts, for I will know the leaſt
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will ſee thy thoughts as plain
As I now do thy face.

End. Why, ſo you do.
She is, (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaſte as ice; but, were ſhe foul as hell,
And I did know it thus; the breath of kings,
The points of ſwords, tortures, nor bulls of braſs,
Should draw it from me.

Phil. Then it is not time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee; I could curſe thee now.

End. If you do hate me, you can't curſe me worſe;
The gods have not a puniſhment in ſtore
Greater for me, my lord, than is your hate.

Phil. Fie, fie, ſo young, and ſo diſſembling too!
Tell me both when and where thou didſt enjoy her,
Or plagues fall on thee if I kill thee not.

End. Heav'n knows I never did: and when I lie

To ſave my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me aſunder, and I'll love the limbs
Which you cut off, better than theſe that grow;
And kiſs them dead, becauſe you made 'em ſo.

Phil. Fear'ſt thou not death? Can boys contemn that?

End. Oh
What boy is he, can be content to live
To be a man that ſees the very beſt
Of men thus paſſionate, thus without reaſon?

Phil. Oh, but thou doſt not know what 'tis to die.

End. Yes, but I do, my lord, I know it well:
'Tis leſs than to be born; a laſting ſleep,
A quiet reſting from all jealouſy,
A thing we all purſue: I know beſides,
'Tis but the giving up a game which muſt be loſt.

Phil. But there are pains, falſe boy, for perjur'd ſouls;
Think but on them, and then thy heart will melt.

End. May they fall all upon me whil'ſt I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be falſe,
Send me to ſuffer in thoſe puniſhments
You ſpeak of; kill me.

Phil. Oh, what ſhould I do?

Why, who can but believe him? He does
Swear ſo earneſtly, if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Riſe, Endymion,
Thy proteſtations are ſo deep, and thou
Doſt look ſo truly when thou utter'ſt them,
That, tho' I know 'em falſe as were my hopes,
I cannot urge the farther: but thou wert
To blame to injure me; for I muſt love
Thy honeſt looks, and never take revenge
Upon thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou doſt. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did ſo well become them; but, good boy,
Let me not ſee thee more; ſomething is done
That will diſtract me; that will raiſe a ſtorm
Within my breaſt too great for me to quell,
If thou com'ſt near me.

End. I will fly as far
As there is morning, e'er I give diſtaſte
To that moſt honour'd mind. But thro' theſe tears,
Shed at my hopeleſs parting, I can ſee
A world of treaſon practis'd upon you,
And her and me. Farewel for evermore;
If you ſhall here that ſorrow ſtruck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be

A tear,

A tear, at leaſt, ſhed by you for me; and
I then ſhall reſt in peace. [*Exit.*

Phil. Bleſſings be with thee,
Whatever thou deſerv'ſt. O where ſhall I
Go bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind. [*Exit.*

Enter Araminta.

Ara. I marvel my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will queſtion him
Over and over, how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd;
How often his dear name was mention'd by me;
How I ſigh'd, wept, and ſung, and thouſand more
Such things? I ſhould be angry at his ſtay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who is with you?

Ara. None but my ſingle ſelf; I need no guard; I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Have you not a boy?

Ara. Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Ara. A waiting boy.

King. A handſome boy?

Ara. A very handſome boy.

King. He talks and ſings, and plays?

Ara. I think he does.

King. About eighteen?

Ara. I never aſk'd his age.

King. Pray, is he full of ſervice?

Ara. Why do you aſk!

King. Put him away.

Ara. How, Sir!

King. Put him away.
'Has done you that good ſervice, I'm aſham'd
To ſpeak of.

Ara. Good Sir, let me underſtand you.

King. If you fear me, ſhew it in duty; put
Away that boy.

Ara. Let me have reaſon for it,
And then your will to me ſhall be a law.

King. Do you not bluſh to aſk it? Caſt him off,
Or I ſhall do the ſame to you: Y' are one
Shame with me, and ſo near unto myſelf,
That, by my life, I dare ſcarce tell myſelf
What you have done.

Ara. What have I done, my lord?

King. It is a language that all love to learn;
The common people ſpeak it well already:

They

They need no grammar; underſtand me well,
There be foul whiſpers ſtirring; caſt him off,
And ſuddenly, I charge you do't. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Ara. Where may a maiden live ſecurely free,
Keeping her honour ſafe? Not with the living;
They feed upon the opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths: they draw a nouriſhment
Out of defaming, grow upon diſgraces,
And when they ſee a virtue fortify'd
Strongly, above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they caſt about to ruin it!

Enter Philander.

Phil. Peace be to your fair thoughts, my deareſt miſtreſs.

Ara. O dear Philander, I've a war within me.

Phil. He muſt be more than man that makes theſe chryſtals
Run into rivers: ſweeteſt fair; the cauſe?
And, as I am your ſlave, ty'd to your goodneſs,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly ſpirited: I'll right your honour.

Ara. Oh, my beſt love, that pretty boy------

Phil. What boy?

Ara. The pretty boy you gave me.

Phil. What of him?

Ara. Muſt be no more mine.

Phil. Why?

Ara. They're jealous of him.

Phil. Who's jealous?

Ara. The King is.

Phil. Oh my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle ſtory. Let him go.

Ara. O cruel! what! are you hard-hearted too?
Who now ſhall bring you word how much I love you?
Who now ſhall weep to you the tears I ſend?
Who now ſhall give you letters, rings and bracelets?
Waſte tedious nights in ſtories of your praiſe?
And throw away his health in ſerving you?
Who ſhall take up his lute, and, ſinging to it,
Charm me aſleep, making me dream, and cry,
Oh my dear, dear Philander?

Phil. Oh my heart!
Would he had broken thee that made thee know
This Lady was not true. Madam, forget
This boy; I'll get you one a great deal better.

Ara. Oh never, never ſuch a boy again
As my Endymion is.

Phil. 'Tis but your fancy.

Ara. With thee, my boy, farewel for evermore

All ſecrecy in ſervants; farewel faith,
And all deſire to do well, for itſelf:
Let all that ſhall ſucceed thee, for thy wrongs,
Betray chaſte love.

Phil. And all this paſſion for
A boy?

Ara. He was your boy; you put him to me:
The loſs of ſuch a one requires a mourning.

Phil. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Ara. How, my lord?

Phil. Falſe Araminta; thou haſt quite undone me.
Haſt thou a med'cine to reſtore my wits
Again, when I have loſt 'em? Oh ye gods!
Give me a worthy patience: have I ſtood
Alone the ſhock of all the worſt misfortunes?
Have I ſeen miſchiefs numberleſs and mighty
Grow like a ſea upon me? Have I taken
Dangers as ſtern as death into my boſom,
And laugh'd upon 'em, made them but a mirth,
And flung 'em off? Do I live under this
Uſurping King, like one, who languiſhing
Hears his ſad bell, and ſees his mourners by?
Do I bear all this bravely, and muſt ſink
At length under a woman's falſhood? O

That

That boy, that curs'd boy! None but a boy
To eaſe your luſt?

Ara. Why, did he tell you ſo?

Phil. It may be, he did.

Ara. Alas, then I'm undone.
I ſee the plot caſt for my overthrow.

Phil. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom; give it to your joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some far place
Where never womankind durſt ſet her foot,
I'll ſeek to curſe you in.

Ara. Oh, I am wretched!

Phil. There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beaſts,
What woman is, and help to ſave 'em from you:
How heav'n is in your eyes; but in your hearts
More hell than hell has: how your tongues like ſcorpions,
Both heal and poiſon; how your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in one ſubtle web,
And woven ſo by you: how that fooliſh man
That reads the ſtory of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever.
How all the good you have is but a ſhadow;

I' th'

I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten. How your vows are froſts,
Faſt for a night, and with the next ſun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meer confuſion, and ſo dead a chaos,
Truth's love can diſtinguiſh nothing in you. Theſe
Sad texts till my laſt hour I am bound to utter.
So farewel all my woe, all my delight. [*Exit.*

Ara Be merciful, ye gods, and ſtrike me dead;
What way have I deſerved this? Make my breaſt
Tranſparent as pure cryſtal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may ſee the fouleſt thought
My heart does hold. Where ſhall a woman turn
Her eyes to find out conſtancy? Save me!

Enter Endymion.

How black, methinks, that guilty boy looks now!
O thou diſſembler! that before thou ſpak'ſt
Wert't in thy cradle falſe! ſent to make lies
And betray innocents! thy lord and thou
May glory in the aſhes of a maid
Fool'd by her paſſion, but the conqueſt is
Nothing ſo great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which ſhame
Should do without it. If thou underſtood'ſt

The

The loath'd office thou haſt undergone,
Why, thou would'ſt hide thee under heaps of hills,
Leſt men ſhould dig, and find thee.

End. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath ſent this ſtrange diſeaſe
Into the nobleſt minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me, is no more than drops
To ſeas, for which they are not ſeen to ſwell:
My lord has ſtruck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hopes of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my lateſt leave: farewel for ever.
I durſt not run away, in honeſty,
From ſuch a lady, like a boy that ſtole,
Or made ſome grievous fault; the pow'r of gods
Aſſiſt you in your ſufferings; haſty time
Reveal the truth to your abus'd lord,
And mine: that he may know your worth, whilſt I
Go ſeek out ſome forgotten place to die. [*Exit.*

Ara. Peace guide thee, thou haſt overthrown me once,
Yet if I had another Troy to loſe,
Thou or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and ſend me with
My hair diſhevel'd, through the fiery ſtreets.

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King has ſent for you in haſte,
To go abroad with him.

Ara. Whither, d'ye know?

Lady. A hunting, madam.

Ara. I'm in tune to hunt.
Diana, if thou can'ſt rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me diſcover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die, purſued by cruel hounds,
And have my ſtory written in my wounds.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Philander.

Phil. OH that I had been nouriſhed in theſe woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the diſſembling trains

Of

Of womens looks; but dig'd myſelf a cave,
Where I may fire, my cattle and my ſhed
Might have been ſhut together in one bed;
And then have taken me ſome mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaſte as the harden'd rocks
Whereon ſhe dwells; that might have ſtrew'd my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the ſkins of beaſts,
And born at her big breaſts my large courſe iſſue.
This had been a life free from vexation.

Enter Endymion.

End. Oh wicked men! an innocent may walk
Safe among beaſts; nothing aſſaults me here.
See! there my troubled lord ſits, as his ſoul
Were ſearching out a way to leave his body.
It grieves me that I'm forc'd to diſobey
His laſt commands; but 'tis not in my pow'r
To forbear ſpeaking, when I look on him.
I'll make as if I wanted, tho' heav'n knows
I can't, becauſe I do not wiſh to live.
You that are griev'd can pity; hear my lord.

Phil. Is there a creature yet ſo miſerable
That I can pity?

End.

End. Oh, my noble lord,
View my ſtronge fortune, and beſtow on me
Out of good nature (if my ſervices
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may help
To keep this little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phil. Is it thou? Go ſell,
For ſhame, thoſe miſbecoming cloaths thou wear'ſt,
And feed thyſelf with them.

End. Alas, my lord,
I can get nothing for them; people here
Think it were treaſon for them but to touch
Such gay, fine things.

Phil. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done to vex me with thy ſight;
Thou'rt fallen back to thy diſſembling trade.
How ſhould'ſt thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n ſo thou wept'ſt when firſt I took thee up;
Wretch that I was to do ſo; if thy tears
Can work on any other, uſe thy art,
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may ſhun thee? for thy eyes to mine
Are poiſon; and I'm loth to grow in rage:
Say, which way wilt thou take?

End.

End. Which way you pleaſe:
Since I can't go with you. I have no choice;
But I'm reſolv'd where'er I go to have
That path in chaſe which leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Cleon, *and the* Woodmen.

Cleon. This is the ſtrangeſt ſudden change! You Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* My lord Cleon.

Cleon. Saw you a lady come this way on a ſable horſe, and ſtubb'd with ſtars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was ſhe not young and tall?

Cleon. Yes. Rode ſhe to the wood or to the plain?

3 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we ſaw none.

[*Ex. Woodmen.*

Enter Agremont.

Cleon. Pox o' your queſtions then. What is ſhe found?

Agr. Nor will be, I think.

Cleon. Let him ſeek his daughter himſelf? ſhe cannot ſtir about a little neceſſary buſineſs, but the whole court muſt be in arms; when ſhe has done, we ſhall have peace.

Agr.

Agr. There's already a thouſand fatherleſs tales amongſt us; ſome ſay her horſe run away from her; ſome a wolf purſu'd her! others it was a plot to kill her; and that arm'd men were ſeen in the wood; but queſtionleſs ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter King *and* Adelard.

King. Where is ſhe?

Agr. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?

If thou doſt anſwer ſo----

Agr. Sir, ſhall I lie?

King. Yes; and be damn'd, rather than tell me that;

I ſay again, where is ſhe? Mutter not;

Sir, ſpeak you where ſhe is.

Cleon. I do not know.

King. Speak that again ſo boldly, and by heav'n

It is thy laſt; you, fellows, anſwer me;

Where is ſhe? mark me all, I am your King;

I wiſh to ſee my daughter, ſhew me her,

I do command you all, as you are ſubjects,

To ſhew her me; what am I not your King?

And are you not t' obey what I command.

Cleon. Yes; if the thing be poſſible and honeſt.

King. Be poſſible and honeſt? Hear me, thou,
Thou traytor, that confin'ſt thy King to what
Is poſſible and honeſt; ſhew her me.

Cleon. Indeeed I can't, till I know where ſhe is.

King. You have betray'd me; you have loſt my life,
The jewel of my life; go, bring her me,
And ſet her here before me; 'tis the King
Will have it ſo; whoſe breath can ſtill the winds,
Uncloud the ſun, charm down the ſwelling ſeas,
And ſtop the floods of heav'n: can't it! Speak.

Cleon. No.

King. No? Cannot the breath of Kings do this?

Cleon. No; nor ſmell ſweet itſelf, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it ſo? Take heed.

Cleon. Sir, take you heed you do not dare the pow'rs
That muſt be juſt.

King. Alas, what are we Kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the reſt
To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,

There's not a ſingle leaf ſhakes at our threatning?
I've ſinn'd, 'tis true, and here ſtand to be puniſh'd;
Yet would not thus be puniſh'd: let me chuſe
My way, and lay it on.

Cleon. He articles with heav'n; would ſomebody would draw the bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Thraſomond, Meleſinda, *and* Alga.

King. What, is ſhe found?

Thraſ. No; we have ta'en her horſe,
He gallop'd empty by.

King. You, Meleſinda, rode with her into
The wood: why left you her?

Mel. She bid me do't.

King. What if ſhe did? You ſhould not have obey'd.

Mel. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To diſobey the daughter of my King.

King. Y'are willing to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Thraſ. If I have her not,
There ſhall be no more Sicily by heav'n.

Cleon. Why, what will he carry it away in's pocket?

King. I ſee the injuries I've done muſt be
Reveng'd.

Cleon. But this will never find her out.

King. Run all; diſperſe yourſelves; whoe'er
he be,
That can but bring her to me, ſhall be happy.

Thraſ. Come, let us ſeek.

Cleon. Each man a ſeveral way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Country Fellow.

Clown. I'll ſee the king if he be in the foreſt; I have hunted him theſe two hours; if I ſhould go home, and not ſee him, my ſiſter would laugh at me. I can meet with nothing but people better hors'd than myſelf, that out-ride me; nor can I hear any thing but ſhouting: theſe Kings had need of good brains? this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wit. Well, I'll about it again. [*Exit.*

Enter Araminta.

Ara. Where am I now? Feet, find me out away,
Without the counſel of my troubled head;

I'll

I'll truſt you boldly amidſt all theſe woods;
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.
Heav'n I hope will eaſe me: I am ſick.

Enter Endymion.

End. Yonder's my honour'd lady, faſt aſleep:
I fear ſhe faints; the lovely red is gone
To guard her heart: ſhe breaths not. Madam,
Open once more thoſe roſy twins, and ſend
To my dear lord your laſt farewel. She ſtirs.
How is it, madam, pray?

Ara. 'Tis not well done
To put me in a miſerable life,
And hold me there: I pray thee let me go;
I ſhall do beſt without thee: I am well.

Enter Philander.

Phil. I was to blame to be ſo much in rage;
I'll tell her truly when and where I heard
This killing truth; I will be temperate
In ſpeaking, and as juſt in hearing too.
Oh monſtrous! Tempt me not, ye gods; good gods,
Tempt not a frail man: what's he that has a heart,
But he muſt eaſe it here?

End. Are you not better yet?

Ara. I'm well, forbear.

Phil. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiſs'd by vipers rather than bear this.
Deſpair dwell with you; what before my face?
Nature invent a curſe, and throw it on you:
May poiſon grow between your lips, diſeaſes
Be your brood: I'll part you once at leaſt.

[*Runs at* Endymion, *and hurts* Araminta.

Ara. Oh, dear Philander, leave to be inrag'd,
And hear me.

Phil. I have done; not the calm ſea,
When Æolus locks up his windy crew,
Is leſs diſturb'd than I: thus you ſhall know it;
Dear Araminta, do but take this ſword,
And feel how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In luſt, without controul. Wilt thou, Endymion?
I pri'thee kill me: thou art poor, and may'ſt
Nouriſh ambitious thoughts; were I but dead
There would be nothing then to hinder thee.
Am I mad now? Pray ſpeak: I'm ſure I were,
If after all the wrongs I have receiv'd,
I ſhould deſire to live: you will not kill
Me then?

End.

End. Not for a world.

Phil. I blame not thee,
Thou haſt done but that
Which gods would have
Transform'd themſelves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply. This is the laſt [*Exit End.*
Of all our meetings: come then, kill me with
This ſword; be wiſe, leſt worſe might follow; one
Of us muſt die.

Ara. Indeed I think I muſt;
My wound begins to make me faint already.

Phil. How? What wound? Where?

Ara. O, touch me gently, there:
I hope 'twill give me eaſe in t' other world,
For I could never yet find any here.

Phil. My cruel ſtars, what have you brought upon me!
Now I defy you all to do your worſt.

Ara. But tell me, pray, are there no jealouſies,
No ſlanders, where I'm going? No ill there?

Phil. O, ſay no more, but help to ſtop thy wound;
It was not meant to thee, but to the boy;
That vile ungrateful boy.

Ara. Would you not then have kill'd me? Pray ſay no,
Whate'er you meant. *Phil.*

Phil. Can I hear this, and live?
Why would you make me mad? Force me to do
I know not what, and hurt you? Why would you
Diſgrace me thus? Why did you love the boy?
(Curſe on th' unhappy hour when I was born!)
How could you find i' your heart to uſe me ſo?

Ara. Alas, my ſoul doats only upon you,
And can love nothing elſe, whate'er you do.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hey day! What have we here?

Phil. Ha! ha! What art thou?

Clown. A courtier with his naked ſword upon a woman! I think the rogue has hurt her too; I'm ſure ſhe bleeds. By'r leave, fair lady, who has hurt you ſo?

Phil. Good honeſt friend, purſue thy own affairs.

Clown. Friend me no friends; I'll know who hurt the woman.

Phil. Nay leave us ſirrah, or thou ſhalt repent it.

Clown. Say'ſt thou ſo, boy, I will try that i'faith.

Phil. Slave, doſt thou dare me thus?

[*They fight.*]

Ara. Heav'ns guard my lord.

[*Clown*

[*Clown falls.*]

Phil. The gods take part againſt me ſure, this boor

[*Noiſe within.*]

Could ne'e have hurt me elſe. Here's people coming.

What ſhall I do? Alas what ſhall I think?
I heard her pray for me when I was fighting,
Perhaps ſhe may be injur'd. O my fate!
I either am diſhonour'd, or a wretch
To be deſpis'd; the very worſt of men.

[*Noiſe again*]

Ara. Fly, fly, my lord, or your dear life is loſt.

Phil. D' ye think I'll leave you thus to ſave my life?

Ara. Do it then pray, Philander, to ſave mine;
For if you ſtay indeed I'll bleed to death;
It is not hard to do: and yet methinks
My wound is nothing now y' are ſorry for't.
As ſoon as you are ſafe I ſhall be well.

Phil. But I muſt never hope to be ſo more.
Kill me, and pardon me; 'tis all I beg.
Farewel then; if thou'rt true, I'll kill myſelf;
And tho' thou ſhould'ſt deſerve the worſt of thoughts,

However,

However, I forgive thee all thy faults. [*Exit.*

Enter Thraſomond, Cleon, Agremont, Adelard, *and* Woodmen.

Thraſ. What art thou?

Clown. Almoſt kill'd I am for a fooliſh woman; a knave has hurt her.

Thraſ. The Princeſs, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam? Is it dangerous?

Ara. He has not hurt me.

Clown. I ſay ſhe lyes; he has hurt her in the ſide; Look elſe.

Thraſ. O ſacred ſpring of innocent blood!

Cleon. 'Tis above wonder who ſhould do this.

Ara. I feel it not.

Thraſ. Speak, villain; who has hurt the Princeſs?

Clown. Is it the Princeſs?

Cleon. I.

Clown. Then I have ſeen ſomething yet.

Thraſ. But who has hurt her?

Clown. I told you a rogue: I ne'er ſaw him before.

Thraſ. Madam, who did it?

Ara. Some diſhoneſt wretch: alas I know him not, and do forgive him.

Clown.

Clown. He's hurt too, he cannot go far: I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Thraſ. How will you have me kill him?

Ara. Not at all; 'tis ſome diſtracted fellow.

Thraſ. By this hand I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

Ara. Nay, good Sir, if you do take him, bring him to me
Alive; and I'll invent ſome puniſhment
For him, great as his fault.

Thraſ. I will.

Ara. But ſwear.

Thraſ. Why then i'fecks I will. Wait you upon The Princeſs: Woodmen, lead off this poor man. Come, gentlemen, let us purſue our chaſe.

[*Exeunt* Thraſ. Cleon, Agr. Adel.
[1 Wood *and* Araminta.

Clown. I pray you, friend, let me ſee the King.

2 *Wood.* That you ſhall, and receive thanks.

Clown. If I get clear with this, I'll go no more to gay ſights in haſte. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Endymion.

End. A heavineſs near death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleep; bear me, thou gentle bank
For

For ever if thou wilt; you ſweet ones all,
Let me unworthy preſs you; I could wiſh,
I rather were a coarſe ſtrew'd o'er with you
Than quick above you; dulneſs ſhuts my eyes,
And I am giddy: O, that I could take
So ſound a ſleep as I might never wake,

Enter Philander.

Phil. Whether ſhall I go now, or rather why
Should I go any farther? True, I'll end
My journey here. What ſhould I travel for
With ſuch an odious, tireſome load upon me,
As now, alas, my life is grown? And which
I muſt not hope to ſave whate'er falls out:
For if ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure I cannot live;
And if ſhe ſhould prove true, I'd ſcorn to do't,
After the injuries I've baſely done her.
Oh why ſhould we thus madly be inclin'd
To think the worſe of thoſe we love the moſt?
Ye gods, is it to great a tyranny to plague
Mankind at once with love and jealouſy.
Who's this? Endymion ſleeping! 'Tis unjuſt
Thy ſleep ſhould be ſo ſound, and mine whom thou
Haſt wrong'd, ſo broken. I hope he will not wake:
I'm very loath to kill him, but I feel

Some-

Something within me that would force me to't:
If I ſhould but once more behold his eyes,
They are the cauſe of all my miſeries.
Yet ſhe did vow to me ſhe loves him not;
But who is he dares truſt to woman's tongues?
They are ſo us'd to talk before they think,
They know not how to mean one word they ſay.
I'm ſure I ſaw him take her in his arms;
And he deſerves to loſe his life for that.

[Endymion *wakes.*

End. I cannot ſleep, my heart's too full of grief;
No ſooner are my eye-lids clos'd, but ſtraight
Methinks I ſee Philander in a rage,
Ready to ſtrike me dead. Sure there he ſtands:
It muſt be he, for none was ever like him:
I cannot bear his hatred any longer;
I'll ſpeak, tho' he ſhould kill me for't. Can you,
My lord, be angry with me ſtill?

Phil. Forbear;
If thou com'ſt near thou wilt compel me to
An act I would avoid.

End. Pray, hear me firſt.

Phil. Begone.

End. I can't.

Phil.

Phil. then take what thou deſerv'ſt.
[*Wounds him.*

End. Bleſt be that hand again; for pity's ſake.

Phil. My legs now fail me quite with loſs of blood;
Take your revenge; I'll teach you cruelty:
It was this luckleſs hand that hurt the Princeſs.
Tell my purſuers, you received your wound
In ſtaying me, and I will ſecond it. [*Noiſe without.*

End. Oh fly, and ſave yourſelf, my lord.

Phil. How's this?
Would'ſt thou I ſhould be ſafe?

End. Elſe it were vain
For me to live; the wound you gave me has
Not yet bled much; reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you.

Phil. Art thou then true?

End. Or let me periſh loath'd; come, my good lord,
Creep in among theſe buſhes; who does know
But that the gods may ſave your precious life?

Phil. Then ſhall I die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee; what wilt thou do?

End. Shift well enough for one, I warrant you.

Within. Follow, follow; that way they went.

End.

End. With my own wound I'll bloody my own
ſword,
I need not counterfeit to fall, heav'n knows,
That I can ſtand no longer.

Enter Thraſamond, Cleon, Agremont, *and* Adelard.

Thraſ. I'm ſure,
To this place we have tracked him by his blood.
Ara. Yonder creeps one away.
Cleon. Stay, what are you?
End. A wretched creature, wounded in theſe
woods
By beaſts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I ſhall periſh.
Cleon. This is he, my lord,
Upon my ſoul, that hurt her; 'tis the boy
That ſerv'd her.
Thraſ. O thou damn'd in thy creation,
What cauſe had'ſt thou to hurt the Princeſs?
Speak.
End. Then I'm betray'd.
Cleon. No, apprehended, Sir.
End. Well, I confeſs the fact, urge it no more.
I ſet upon the Princeſs, and deſign'd
Her death: for charity, let fall at once

The

The puniſhment you mean, and do not load
This weary fleſh with tortures.

Thraſ. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this.

End. My own revenge.

Thraſ. Revenge! for what?

End. It pleas'd her to receive
Me for her page, and when my fortunes ebb'd;
(As rivers, being unſupply'd, grow dry)
And men ſtride o'er them careleſly; ſhe pour'd
Her welcome graces on my wants, and ſwell'd
My ſtreams ſo high, that they o'erflow'd their banks.
Threatning deſtruction to who'er durſt croſs 'em:
But then as ſwift as ſtorms riſe at ſea,
She caſts her firey eyes like lightning on me,
And in an inſtant blaſted all my hopes;
And left me worſe, and more contemned by far
Than other little brooks, becauſe I had
Been great: in ſhort, I knew I could not live,
And therefore did deſire to die reveng'd.

Thraſ. I'll torture ye i'fecks.

Agr. Come lead him hence.

[Philander *creeps out.*]

Phil. Turn back, you raverſhers of innocence:

Know you the price of that you bear away
So rudely.

Adel. Who is this?

Cleon. The lord Philander.

Phil. 'Tis not the treaſure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
This virtue: it was I that hurt the Princeſs.
Place me ſome god upon a pyramid,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me; that from thence
I may declare to all the under world
The worth that dwells in him.

Thraſ. Who's this?

End. My lord, ſome man that's weary of his life.

Phil. Leave theſe untimely courteſies, Endymion.

End. Alas, he's mad; come will you lead me on?

Phil. By all the oaths that men ought moſt to keep
And gods do puniſh moſt when they are broken,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Endymion,
How thou doſt drown the virtues thou haſt ſhewn
With perjury: by all that's good, 'twas I:
You know ſhe ſtood betwixt me and my right.

Agr. It was Philander.

Cleon. It is a brave boy.

Adel. I fear,
We were all deceiv'd.

Phil. Have I no friend here?

Cleon. Yes.

Phil. Pray ſhew it then,
Somebody lend a hand to draw me near him.
Would you have tears ſhed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breath my ſpirit out.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me: you hard-hearted men,
More ſtony than theſe mountains, can you ſee
Such pure blood drop, and not cut off your fleſh
To ſtop it with? Queens ought to tear their hair
To bind theſe wounds, and bath them with their tears.
If I had ſtrength, I'd pluck my heart out. Oh,
Endymion! thou that art the wealth of poor
Philander, and that I have us'd ſo ill;
Pray, let my crimes be puniſh'd as they ought,
And don't forgive me, I deſerve it not.

Enter King, *&c.*

King. What, is the villain ta'en?

Thraſ.

Thraſ. Both theſe confeſs the deed.

Phil. Sir, queſtion it no more, 'twas I.

King. The fellow, that did fight with him will tell.

Ara. Ay me! I know he will.

King. You know him ſure.

Ara. No Sir; if it was he, he was diſguis'd.

Phil. I was ſo. O why am I not yet dead?

King. Thou vain, ambitious fool, thou that haſt laid
A train for thy own life; now I do mean
To do; I'll leave to talk. Bear him to priſon.

Ara. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmleſs life; ſhould it paſs unreveng'd,
I ſhould to earth go weeping; grant me then
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their cuſtody, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and the way they are to die.

King, 'Tis granted; take them to you with a guard.
Come, princely, Thraſomond, this buſineſs paſt,
We may with more ſecurity go on
To our intended match.

[*Exeunt all, but* Cleon *and* Agremont.

Agr. This action of Philander, I'm afraid
Will loſe the people's hearts.
Cleon. No; fear it not;
Their ſubtlety will think it but a trick.

Enter Adelard.

Agr. How are his wounds?
Adel. They are but ſcratches; it
Was only loſs of blood that made him faint.
Cleon. Come, let's go ſee him.
Adel. No; not yet: the King
Has told the Princeſs he'll be with her ſtraight,
And that he will examine there Philander
About his plot, and his confederates.
Cleon. Sure if he had a plot, he'd tell us on't.
But what a devil made him hurt the Princeſs,
I can't imagine what all this ſhould mean.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Philander, Araminta, Endymion.

Ara. NAY, dear Philander, pray lament no more.

End. For heav'n's ſake give o'er; we're very well.

Phil. Oh Araminta, oh Endymion, leave
To be thus kind; I ſhall be ſhut from heav'n,
As now from earth, if you continue ſo.
I am a man that has abus'd a pair
Of the moſt truſty ones earth ever bore:
Can it ſtill bear us all? Forget me, pray,
Think that ſo great a wretch could not be born,
As was Philander. And for thee, my boy,
I ſhall declare words that will mollify
The hearts of beaſts, to ſpare thy innocence.

End. Alas! my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I ſhould then out-live
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever above once I cloſe theſe eyes,
May I live ſpotted for my perjury.

Ara. And I the miſerableſt maid alive,

Do, by the honour of a virgin, vow
Never to quit you.

Phil. Make me not ſo hated:
People will tear me, when they find you true
To ſuch a wretch as me: I ſhall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdom peaceably, whilſt I
For ever ſleep forgotten with my faults.
Every juſt ſervant, every maid in love
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

End. A piece of you! he muſt be one not born
Of whom, that can cut it, and look on.

Phil. Take me in tears betwixt you; for my heart
Will break with ſhame and ſorrow.

Ara. Grieve no more.

Phil. Pray tell me now; if you had wrong'd me baſely,
And found your life no price compar'd to mine?
What is't you would have done?

End. It was a miſtake.

Phil. What if it were?

End. We would have aſk'd your pardon.

Phil. And hope t' enjoy it too.

Ara. Enjoy it! yes.

Phil. Would you indeed? Be plain.

End. We would, my lord.

Phil. Forgive me then.

Ara. So, ſo, 'tis well.
Are all things ready for our marriage?

End. I'll go ſee;
Learn all to love without deſign from me. [*Exit.*

Phil. Lead to my death.

Ara. I hope not ſo; at leaſt
Thus much I'm ſure of, that I won't out-live you;
And that I might the better claim a right
To end my days with yours, I have a prieſt
Ready to join our hands and hearts together.

Phil. Can there be yet a new invention found
Still more to ſhame Philander? I muſt now
Fly from her love, or be her murderer.

Ara. What means this pauſe? Why won't you ſpeak to me?

Phil. I know not which is worſt; O my dear ſoul,
I dare not truſt your father's cruelty;
He is grown hot and ſpeedy in his rage.
And now I'm maſter of myſelf again,
It is not in my power to do you harm.

Ara. Nothing can harm me but your want of love,
I dread your coldneſs, not his heat nor rage.

Phil. Ay, but his hatred againſt me is ſuch,
He would deſtroy you too if you were mine.

Ara. What if he did; I ſhould take pleaſure in't,
Had I but you, Philander, in my arms.

Phil. Dear Araminta, preſs me not ſo far;
Try not my paſſion with too ſtrong a teſt;
Lovers can never very long be wiſe;
They go too faſt to keep a ſteady pace,
And mind with too much violence preſent things
To take their meaſures right of what's to come:
If you inflame me more, my love will grow
So wild, I ſhall not have one cool thought left,
And then I ſhall undo thee.

Ara. No, you'll make
Me bleſt; of all the race of womankind
Moſt happy.

Phil. But yet I——

Ara. What?

Phil. I'm afraid.

Ara. Do not torment me thus, if it's for love
Of me you are ſo; mark what I ſhall ſay;
For heav'n ne'er yet declared a greater truth;
Marry me ſtraight, before my father comes,
(And you forget how ſoon he will be here,)
Or, by your life, which I prize more than mine,

I'll

I'll kill myſelf.

Phil. Nay, then I muſt obey;
And pardon me, my deareſt Araminta,
If I, at ſuch a time of joy as this,
Can yet have griefs about me: but I have,
To find that I'm outdone, tho' by thyſelf,
So far in all the kindeſt proofs of love.

Ara. Ah, could my death to the whole world proclaim,
How I love more than you; my pride would be
So great in having it divulg'd that I
Should ſcarce (I am afraid) accept of life,
Tho' to enjoy you ſtill.

Phil. Come then, my dear,
Let's talk no more, but love, love till we die.

Ara. Let's kill ourſelves with loving furiouſly,
And ſo prevent my father's future crimes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon, Agremont, Adelard.

Cleon. But are you ſure the King has ſent for him?

Adel. Yes; to the ſcaffold; but the King muſt know,
It is in vain for Kings to war with heav'n.

Cleon.

Cleon. You told us tho' the King would hear this fact
Examin'd in the chamber of the Princeſs.

Adel. He meant ſo once, now he has chang'd his mind.

Cleon. Come then, we'll ſcuffle hard before he periſh.

Enter King *and a Guard.*

King. Gentlemen, who ſaw Prince Thraſomond?

Agr. He's gone, and pleaſe your Majeſty, to view the city, and the new platform, with ſome gentlemen attending on him.

King. Is the Princeſs ready to bring her priſoners out?

Adel. I'll go ſee.

King. Tell her, we ſtay.

Cleon. King, you may be deceived yet;
The head you aim at coſt more ſetting on
Than to be loſt ſo ſlightly.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where's the King?

King. Here.

Meſſ. Haſte, Sir, to your ſtrength, and ſave yourſelf,

The

The city's in a mutiny, fearing for lord Philander.

King. Bid 'em go hang themſelves.

Cleon. O, brave countrymen!

Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!

Now my brave valiant foremen, ſhew your weapons,

In honour of your miſtreſſes.

Enter Philander, Araminta, *and* Endymion.

King. How come Philander thus to be unbound?

End. He is as faſt as wedlock, Sir, can bind him,

King. What means this riddle?

Ara. He's my huſband, Sir.

King Your huſband, ſay you? Call the captain in,

That guards the citadel; there you ſhall have

Your nuptial joys together: hear, you gods,

From this time do I ſhake all title off

Of father to this woman, this baſe woman;

And what there is of vengeance in a lion

Caſt among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young;

The ſame inforc'd more terrible, and with

A greater rage, expect from me.

Ara. Sir, by

That little life I've left to ſwear by, there

Is nothing that can ſtir me from myſelf:
What I have done, I never ſhall repent of,
For death can be no bug-bear now to me,
Since Thraſomond is not to be my headſman.
Cleon. Sweet peace upon thy ſoul, thou worthy woman,
Whene'er thou dy'ſt; for this time I'll excuſe thee,
Or be thy prologue.
Phil. Sir, let me ſpeak next;
And let my dying words perſuade you more
Than my dull life has done: if you deſign,
Or wiſh a wrong to her ſweet innocence,
You are a tyrant, and a ſavage one;
The memory of all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble:
No chronicle ſhall ſpeak you, tho' your own,
But for the ſhame of men; no monument
(Tho' high and big as Pelion) ſhall be able
To cover this baſe murder: make it rich
With braſs, with pureſt gold, and ſhining jaſper,
Like pyramids, and lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only cloaths my aſhes, not my faults)
Shall far out-ſhine it: and for after iſſues,
Think not ſo madly of the heav'nly wiſdoms,

That

That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off thus, unleſs it be ſome ſnake,
Or ſomething like yourſelf, that in his birth
Shall ſtrangle you: think of my father, King,
There was a fault; but I forgive it; let
That ſin perſuade you to be careful of
Your matchleſs daughter: ſpare but her dear life,
And I'll ſurrender you my own with joy;
Tho' I confeſs I now could wiſh to live,
For I in her have all this world can give
To make me happy.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Arm, Sir, quickly, or
'Twill be too late; the city's up in arms,
Led by an old gray ruffin that has ſeiz'd
Upon Prince Thraſomond, and ſwears he'll kill
Him, if Philander be not ſtreight releas'd.

King. A thouſand devils take 'em.

Cleon. A thouſand bleſſings on 'em, and on all
Will take their parts; I'm ſure that I'll make one.

King. Come, to the citadel; I'll ſee theſe ſafe.

[*Ex. with* Philander *and* Araminta.
And then cope with theſe burghers. Let the guard,
And all the gentlemen, give ſtrong attendance.

[*Exit.*

Manent

Manent Cleon, Agremont, Adelard.

Agr. The city up! This was above our wiſhes.

Cleon. I, and the marriage too; now by my life
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all:
A plague upon myſelf, a thouſand plagues,
For having ſuch unworthy thoughts of her
Dear honour. Oh, how I could beat myſelf?
Pri'thee beat me, and I'll beat thee again,
For we had both one thought.

Agr. No, 'twill loſe time.

Cleon. Are your ſwords ſharp? Well my dear countrymen, what d'ye lack? If you continue and fall not back upon the firſt broken ſhin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be prais'd, and ſung in ſonnets and new ballads, that all tongues ſhall troul you in *ſæcula ſæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Adel. What if a toy take 'em in th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry the devil take the hindmoſt?

Cleon. Then the ſame devil take the foremoſt too, and ſouce him for his breakfaſt; if they all prove cowards, my curſes fly amongſt them, and be ſpeeding. May they have Murrains reign, to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in eaſie freeze:

freeze: may the moths branch their velvets, and their ſilks only be worn before ſore eyes. May their falſe lights undo 'em, and diſcover preſſes, holes, ſtrains and oldneſs in their ſtuffs, and make 'em ſhop-rid. May they keep whores and horſes, and break; and live mew'd up with necks of beef and turneps. May they have many children, and all ugly like the fathers. May they know no language, but that gibberiſh they prattle to their parcels, unleſs it be the *Gothick Latin* they write in their bonds, and may they write that falſe, and loſe their debts.

Enter King.

King. A vengeance take 'em, what a hum they make!
They ſwarm like bees, and (like them) buz together:
They have no ſenſe of any thing but noiſe.
And therefore will not hear, but bawl ſtill all
At once.

Cleon. Oh my brave countrymen! as I live I will not buy a pin from out your walls for this; nay, you ſhall cozen me too, and I'll thank you for't.

King.

King. There is no ſtopping them, thy're grown
ſo ſtrong,
Except they ſee Philander; one kind look
Of his would ſend them home as tame as ſheep:
To m thy're fierce as lions, and they've reaſon:
Why ſhould I hope for help in my diſtreſs,
That ne'er could pity any one alive?
We think ourſelves ſo far above mankind,
That 'tis beneath us to be juſt or grateful:
Alas, my faults are numberleſs.

Cleon. Yes, and
Your virtues are ſo too; for you have none.

King. I ſee I muſt releaſe him now: it goes
Againſt my heart to do a virtuous act;
But there's no remedy. Whoſe there? Go bring
Philander hither.

Cleon. What can all this mean?

[*Exit* Adelard.

King. Ah, if we Princes did conſider well,
We are but men as frail as others are,
As ſubject to misfortunes, and as mortal;
That if the powers above had made us great,
'Tis that we ſhould with juſtice rule their people;
That nations were not born to make us ſport,
But we to make them glorious, ſafe, and happy;

All

All our concerns the gods would favour more,
And men would all ſuch Kings like gods adore.

Enter Agremont *and* Philander.

O worthy Sir, forgive me; do not make
Both my offences, and your wrongs combine
To bring on greater dangers; be yourſelf,
Still ſound among diſeaſes; if I've done
You injury, I'll make you now amends;
Calm but the people, and my daughter's your's;
Take her, and with her my repentance, Sir,
My wiſhes, and my prayers: you ſhall be
What you was born to be, King of this land.
Do not miſtruſt me; if the leaſt untruth
Fall from me now, may I be ſtruck with thunder.

Phil. I will not do your Majeſty the wrong
To doubt your word; let but the Princeſs, and
The boy be free, and I will ſtand alone
The ſhock of all this rabble; which I'll quell
Or periſh in the attempt.

King. Your word already
Has done that: go fetch 'em hither ſtraight.

Phil. Then thus I take my leave, kiſſing your hand,
And truſting to your royal promiſe, Sir,

Be not diſturb'd: I'll bring you back the peace
You wiſh for.

King. All the gods attend upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter an Old Captain *and* Citizens *with* Thraſomond.

Cap. Come, my brave Myrmidons, let's fall on, let our caps
Swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother's
Gibberiſh of, 'What do you lack,' and ſet your mouths
Up, children, till your palates fall frighted half a
Fathom paſt the cure of bay ſalt and groſs pepper,
And then cry, Philander, brave Philander,
Let Philander be deeper in requeſt, my ding-dongs,
My pair of dear indentures, king of clubs,
Than your cold water chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper; let not your haſty ſilks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tiſſues,
Dearly beloved of ſpice cake and cuſtard,
Your Robin Hoods and Johns, tie your affections
In darkneſs to your ſhops; no, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd ſpirits, your wrought valours,

And

And let your uncouth choler make the King feel
The meaſure of your mightineſs. Philander,
Cry, my roſe-nobles, cry.

All. Philander, Philander.

Cap. How do you like this, my lord Prince? theſe are mad boys,
I tell you theſe are things that will not ſtrike their top-ſails
To a foiſt, and let a man of war, an Argoſie, hull and cry cockles.

Thraſ. Why, you rude ſlaves, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of puppets, we do know,
And give your greatneſs warning that you talk
No more ſuch bug's words, or that ſolder'd crown
Shall be ſcratch'd with a muſquet: dear Prince Pepin,
Down with your noble blood, or as I live
I'll have you coddled. Let him looſe, my ſpirits;
Make a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let us ſee what this trim man dares do.
Now, Sir, have at you; here I hit you,
And with this ſwaſhing blow, (do you ſweat Prince?)
I could hulk your grace, and hang you up croſs-legg'd,

Like a hare at the poulterer's, and do this with this viper.

Thraſ. You will not ſee me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes indeed will we, Sir, we have not ſeen one ſo this great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadſide, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his ſkin in flowers like a ſatin, and between every flower a mortal cut; your royalty ſhall ravel; jagg him gentlemen. I'll have him cut to the keel, and down the ſeams: oh for a whip to make him galoon laces: I'll have a coach whip.

Thraſ. O, ſpare me, gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear, and know himſelf,

He ſhall, for this time, only be ſeal'd up
With a feather thro' his noſe, that he may only ſee
Heav'n, and think whither he's a-going;
Nay (beyond ſea, Sir,) we will proclaim you, you would be King?
Thou tender heir apparent to church ale,
Thou ſlight Prince of ſingle ſarcenet;
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing

But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter.

Thraſ. Gods! keep me from theſe hell-hounds.

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you ſhall ſpare his dowcets, my dear donſels,
As you reſpect the ladies, let them flouriſh:
The curſes of a longing woman kills as ſpeedily as a Plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his noſe, and at my own charge build a college, and clap't upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to ſtring a kite with; For certainly a royal gut will ſound like ſilver.

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels elſe? Speak.

Thraſ. Good gods, conſider me; I ſhall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your hand-ſword, and let me have his ſkin to make falſe ſcabbards.

2 *Cit.* He had no horns, Sir, had he?

Cap. No, Sir, he's a pollard. What would'ſt thou do with horns?

2 Cit. Oh! if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whiſtles of them, but his ſhin bones, if they be ſound, will ſerve me well enough.

Enter Philander.

All. Long live Philander! the brave Prince Philander.

Phil. I thank you, gentlemen, but why are theſe
Rude weapons brought abroad to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal roſiccleer,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guards, thy roarers;
And when this noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our muſty murry on,
And trace the ſtreets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou mars of men? Is the King ſociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foe, man?
And free as Phœbus? Speak; if not, this ſtand
Of royal blood ſhall be a-broach, a tilt, and run
Ev'n to the lees of honour.

Phil. Hold, and be ſatisfy'd, I am myſelf
Free as my thoughts are, by the gods I am.

Cap.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded ſcarlets,
Kiſs their gam'd goles, and cry we are your ſervants?
Is the court navigable, and the preſence ſtuck
With flags of friendſhip? If not, we are thy caſtle,
And this man ſleeps.

Phil. I am what I deſire to be, your friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.
And what, Sir, ſay you now!

Thraſ. For God's ſake ſet me firſt free, and I'll ſay any thing; I am ſo afraid I know not what to ſay.

Phil. I do pity thee. Friends diſcharge your fears,
Deliver me the Prince. I'll warrant you
I ſhall be old enough to find my ſafety.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a ſurfiagle,
And make you like a hawk.

Phil. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Look you, friends, how gently he leads; upon my word
He's tame enough, he needs no farther watching:
Good friends, go to your houſes, and by me have

Your pardons and my love.
And know there ſhall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deſerve, but you ſhall have your wiſhes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you:
Continue ſtill your love, and, for an earneſt,
Die with this.

All. Long may'ſt thou live, brave Prince, brave Prince, brave Prince.

[*Exit* Philander *and* Thraſomond.

Cap. Thou art the King of courteſy.
Fall off again, my ſweet youths, and every man trace to his houſe again, and hang his pewter up, thence to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs; we will have muſic, and red grape ſhall make us dance and reel, boys. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter King, Araminta, Meleſinda, Alga, Cleon, Agremont, Adelard, Endymion, *and attendants.*

King. Is it appeas'd?

Cleon. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as ſleep. The lord Philander
Does bring Prince Thraſomond away himſelf.

King. I will not break a word that I have giv'n
In promiſe to him: I have heap'd a world

Of

Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To waſh away.

Enter Philander *and* Thraſomond.

Cleon. My lord is come.

King. My ſon,
Bleſt be the time that I of right do call
Such virtue mine. Now thou art in my arms,
Methinks I find a ſalve to my ſick boſom
For all the wounds I find there: ſtreams of grief
I have thrown on thee, but I find much joy,
That I repent it, iſſue from my eyes.
Let them appeaſe thee, take thy right, take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed ſoul for what I once have done.

Phil. Sir, all is blotted from my memory:
For you, young Prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make your honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furniſh'd to your realm
With fair diverſion, I do ſee a lady
Methinks would bear you company.
How like you, Sir, this piece?

Alga. Sir, he likes it well,
For he has try'd it, and found it worth

His

His Princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed,
I know your meaning. I am not the firſt
That nature taught to ſeek a handſome fellow.
Can ſhame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? Or have Princes ſalves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phil. What mean you?

Alga. You muſt get another ſhip
To bear the Princeſs and the boy together.

Cleon. How now?

Alga. Others took me, but I took her and him,
As that all women may be ta'en ſometimes,
Ship us all four; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear then thyſelf, or call me not thy father.

Ara. 'Tis falſe as heaven is true; but what means
Is left to clear myſelf? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me, and let all things elſe
Struggle together to diſhonour me.

End. O! ſtop your ears, great King, that I may ſpeak
As freedom would, then I will call this lady
As baſe as are her actions: hear me, Sir,

Believe

Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Againſt your reaſon, ſooner than this lady.

Alga. I vow the boy acts his part full well.

Phil. This lady; I will ſooner truſt the winds or ſeas
Than her. I ſay believe her not.
Why think you if I did believe her words,
I would outlive them?

King. Forget her; ſince all is firm between us;
But I muſt requeſt of you one favour,
And will not be deny'd.

Phil. By all the powers let it not be the death
Of her or him, and it is ſurely granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture, I will have her clear'd or bury'd.

Phil. O give my promiſe back, O royal Sir,
Aſk ſomething elſe, bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but take not from me
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him; his doom's irrevocable.

Phil. Turn all your eyes on me, here ſtands a man,
The falſeſt and the baſeſt of the world.
Set ſwords againſt this breaſt, ſome honeſt man.
For I have liv'd to be the moſt accurs'd.

End. Be patient, Sir, I ſoon will make you eaſy.
I cannot tamely ſee your pain for me;
My hapleſs fortune much rather I'll reveal.
King. Will he then confeſs?
Cleon. He ſeems to ſay ſo.
King. Speak then.
End. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, ſhall utter all the thoughts
My youth has known, and ſtranger things than theſe
You hear not often.
King. Walk aſide with him.
Cleon. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?
End. Know you this face, my lord?
Cleon. No.
End. I have been often told
In court of one Euphroſyne, a lady,
And daughter to you, between whom and me
There was ſuch ſtrange reſemblance, that we two
Could not be known aſunder, dreſt alike.
Cleon. By heav'n, and ſo there is.
End. For her ſake,
Who now does ſpend the ſpring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move the King,

That

That I may 'ſcape this torture.

Cleon. But thou ſpeak'ſt as like Euphroſyne as thou doſt look.

How came it to thy knowledge that ſhe lives
In pilgrimage?

End. I know it not, my lord, but have heard it,
And do ſcarce believe it.

Cleon. Oh my ſhame! Is't poſſible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee? Art thou ſhe,
Or elſe her murderer? Where waſt thou born?

End. In Syracuſe.

Cleon. What's thy name?

End. Euphroſyne.

Cleon. 'Tis ſhe!
Now do I know thee? Oh, that thou had'ſt dy'd,
And I had never ſeen thee, nor my ſhame!
How ſhall I own thee? ſhall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

End. Would I had dy'd indeed; I wiſh it too,
E'er publiſh'd what I have told;
But that there was no means
To hide it longer; yet I joy in this,
The Princeſs is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Cleon. All is diſcover'd.

Ara. What is diſcover'd?

Cleon.

Cleon. Why my ſhame.
It is a woman, let her ſpeak the reſt.

Phil. How! that again.

Cleon. It is a woman. [*Exit.*

Phil. Bleſt be the pow'rs that favour innocence.

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

Phil. It is a woman; hark ye, gentlemen,
It is a woman! Araminta, take
My ſoul into thy breaſt, that could be gone
With joy! It is a woman; thou art fair
And virtuous ſtill to ages, in deſpight of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his ſhame?

End. I am his daughter.

Phil. The gods are juſt.

Cleon. I dare accuſe none; but before you two
The virtue of the age, I bend my knee
For mercy.

Phil. Take it freely; for I know
It was well meant.

Ara. And for me,
I have the will to pardon ſins as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cleon. Noble and worthy!

Phil. But, Endymion,
(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me why

Thou

Thou didſt conceal thy ſex? It was a fault,
A fault, Endymion, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All theſe jealouſies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcover'd
What now we know.

End. My father oft would ſpeak
Your worth and virtue with a zealous praiſe,
Which, as I grew in age, increas'd a thirſt
Of ſeeing of a man ſo rais'd above the reſt.
But this was but the child of curioſity,
Till fate one day brought you to my father's,
And I was order'd there to entertain you.
Oh ſpare my bluſhes; and yet a flame ſo pure
Methinks ſhould cauſe no ſhame.
The only bliſs that ever I propos'd,
Was ſtill to live and be within your ſight.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dreſt myſelf
In a boy's habit, and underſtanding well,
That when I made diſcovery of my ſex
I could not ſtay with you, I made a vow,
By all the moſt religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilſt there was hopes to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I ſeem'd, that I might ever

Abide

Abide with you. Then ſat I by the fountain,
Where firſt you took me up.

King. Search out a match,
Greateſt in our kingdoms, and I will
Pay thy dower myſelf.

End. Ne'er, Sir, will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to ſerve the Princeſs,
To ſee the virtues of her lord and her,
I ſhall have hopes to live.

Ara. Yes, Philander,
I can't be jealous, tho' you had a lady
Dreſt like a page to ſerve you; nor will I
Suſpect her living here. Come, live with me,
Live free as I do; ſhe that loves my lord,
Curſt be the wife that hates her.

Phil. I grieve ſuch virtue ſhould be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father,
Wrong not the freedom of our ſoul ſo much,
To think to take revenge on this baſe woman:
Her malice cannot hurt us; ſet her free
As ſhe was born, ſaving from ſhame and ſin.

King. Set her at liberty: but leave the court;
This is no place for ſuch. You, Thraſomond,
Shall have free paſſage, and ſafe conduct home,

Worthy

Worthy ſo great a Prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your fault that coſt you here
And not my purpos'd will.

Thraſ. I do confeſs it, moſt renowned Sir.

King. Laſt join your hands in one; enjoy Philander,
This kingdom that is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine; my bleſſing on you:
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,
That you may govern all theſe happy lands,
And live to ſee your plenteous branches ſpring.
By what has paſt this day let Princes learn
To rule the wilder paſſions of their blood,
For What heav'n wills can never be withſtood.

THE EPILOGUE.

TO BE SPOKEN BY THE GOVERNOR.

IF by my deep contrivance, wit and ſkill,
Things fall out croſs to what I mean them ſtill,
You muſt not wonder; 'tis the commmon fate
Of almoſt all grave governors of late:
And one would ſwear, as every plot has ſped,
They thought more with their elbows than their head;
Yet they go on as briſk, and look as well,
As if they had out-wiſdom'd Machiavel:
So curs will wag their tails, and think they've won us,
At the ſame inſtant they make water on us.
Is't not to let us ſee men ſhould have none,
That have ſuch tedious, fulſome bungling ſhown;
For to go five years wrong, with art and pains,
Does ſhew a moſt prodigious want of brains;
Nay tho' he ne'er judg'd right, yet there was one
Who bragadocied ſtill himſelf upon
Being infallible, but he is gone.

O! 'twas

O! 'twas a thought of vaſt deſign and ſcope,
To rail ſtill againſt popery and hope,
He might preſume to be himſelf a Pope:
Tho' he might any thing preſume to be,
That could deceive fops ſo infallibly;
The moſt egregious of all ſcribes could tell,
There never was ſuch an Ahitophel:
And true admirers of his parts and glory
Will doubtleſs have a juſt renown in ſtory,
Ten guineas that lord paid for't, as fame goes,
Above ten times its worth the world knows;
But he'll be better paid yet, I ſuppoſe.
They were a matchleſs pair, the one to plot,
The other to extol ſtill what was not.
Yet, faith, the little lord, when hence he ran,
Did compaſs one thing like an able man:
For, ſince he could not living act with reaſon,
'Twas ſhrewdly done of him to die in ſeaſon.

THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR:

BETWIXT

KING JAMES'S FORCES

AND THE

DUKE OF MONMOUTH,

REHEARSED AT WHITEHALL.

A FARCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The General, a Frenchman*, that commanded King James's forces at the battle againſt the Duke of Monmouth, in the Weſt.

A Nobleman of England.

An Engliſh Lady.

Scene, a Drawing Room in Whitehall.

* Lewis de Duras, Marquis of Blanquefort, brother to the Duke de Duras, in France, and nephew of Marſhal Turenne, was naturalized by Act of Parliament, 17 Charles II. and behaving with great gallantry in the war with the Dutch, was created Baron Duras of Holdenby, in Com. Northampton. He married Mary the eldeſt of the two daughters and coheirs to George Sondes, Earl of Feverſham, in whoſe right, according to the entail, he came to enjoy that Earldom. He dying in 1709 without iſſue, the title became extinct.

THE

THE

BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR*;

SCENE, *A Drawing Room in Whitehall.*

Enter a Lord *and a* Lady.

Lady. DID you ever hear of ſuch a thing as this battle, as they call it?

Lord. Not I, I'll be ſworn, nor no man elſe I think.

Lady. Every body ſays, that as the buſineſs was order'd, it was a thouſand to one but all the King's forces had been cut off.

Lord. Yes, that is moſt certain; but that I am moſt delighted with is, to ſee the infinite ſatisfaction the General takes in explaining to every one he meets with, all the particulars of his foolery.

Lady. O! here he is a coming; for God ſake let us make him tell it us again.

Lord. Pray do, Madam.

* The King ordered the regulars and guards to march againſt Monmouth, under the command of the Earl of Feverſham, an honeſt, brave, and good-natured Nobleman; but he conducted matters ſo ill, that every ſtep he made was like to prove fatal to the King's ſervice. He had no parties abroad, he got no intelligence, and was almoſt ſurprized, and like to be defeated, when he ſeemed to be under no apprehenſions, but was a-bed, without any care or order. The Earl was weak in his underſtanding, and his vanity has ſubjected him to the ridicule of the Duke of Buckingham.

Enter

Enter General.

Gener. Madama, your moſt humble ſervanta.

Lady. Whither are you going ſo faſt, my Lord?

Gener. Madama, me be going about ſome buſineſs of very grand importaunce.

Lady. But my Lord, will not you tell us a little firſt, ſome of the particulars of this battle?

Gener. Madama, vid all min harta, me tell a you begarra de hola hiſtoria o'de occaſion: your Ladiſhip have hear, I ſuppoſa, dat de rebella get into the great towna-----Vat you call de towna?

Lady. What, Briſtol?

Gener. No, de oder towna.

Lord. Exeter?

Gener. No, no, a pox take de towna vid de hard name: How you call de towna, de Breech?

Lady. Lord have mercy upon me, what does he mean?

Lord. Nay, I cannot imagine.

Lady. O! Bridgwater.

Gener. Ay begarra, Breechwater; ſo madama me have intelligenſa dat de rebel go to Breechwater; me ſay to my mena, marſh you rogua; ſo me marſha over de greata fielda, begar, de brava contra were dey killa de hare vid de dogua, and the patrich vid de hawka, begar, de brave ſport in de varld.

Lord. Well, my Lord, and what then?

Gener. Begar me marſh very well vid de drome and de trumpetra, de drombela and de great noiſa begar; au how you call de brave fellow au de fine cappa turn ope vid de great poucha o'de ſide?

Lord.

Lord. Who, the granadier?

Gener. Ay begar, de granadere vid de hoboya, begar, de fine muſick in de varld.

Lady. But, my Lord, what did you do there?

Gener. Why madama, me come vid in two mile o' Breechwater, and begarra, me poſt my ſelf dere.

Lord. How many men, pray, my Lord, were there of the rebels?

Gener. Ma foy, between ſixa and ſevena touſand.

Lord. How many had you?

Gener. Abouta two touſand.

Lady. But, my Lord, if you were ſo few; why would you come ſo near the enemy?

Gener. Begarra, madama, becauſe me no care for de enemia.

Lord. I ſuppoſe, my Lord, that your Lordſhip was poſted in a very ſtrong place.

Gener. O begarra very ſtrong, vid de great river between me and de rebella, calla, de Brooka de Gutter.

Lady. But they ſay, my Lord, there was no water in that Brook of the Gutter.

Gener. Begar, madama, but dat no be my faulta, begar me no hander de water from coma, if no will rain, begar me no can make de rain.

Lady. But why did you not go to ſome other place?

Gener. O pardon me, madama, you no underſtand de ting.

Lord. And ſo your Lordſhip, it ſeems, encamp'd with your horſe and foot.

Gener.

Gener. Ay, vid de foota; no, vid de horſa, begar me go vid de horſa an de gentlemen officera to one very good villaſh, where, begar, be very good quartera, very good meta, very good drinka, and very good bedda.

Lady. But pray, my Lord, why did you not ſtay with the foot?

Gener. Begarra, madama, becauſe dere be great differentia between de gentlemen officera and de rogua de ſogiera; begarra, de rogua de ſogiera lye upon de grounda; but begar, de gentleman officera go to bedda.

Lady. But, my Lord, tho' by your favour, you would have been more ſecure, if you had been together.

Gener. Begarra, madama, you no underſtan de art militair.

Lord. Well, my Lord, how it was done is no great matter; but, God be prais'd, it ſeems they are beaten.

Gener. Beata! Ay, begar, dey be very well beata: Begar, me beata dem, and me killa dem like de rogua.

Lady. You beat 'em! How could you beat 'em, when you were not there?

Gener. Begar, madama, but they were beata by my ordera.

Lady. How by your order?

Gener. Why, begar, madama, before me go to bedda, me make to dem one very good ſpeecha.

Lord. Ay; pray, my Lord, let us hear: What is it you ſaid to them?

Gener. Begar, my Lore, me come to dem vid de great golda

golda ſcarſa, begar very fine, vid a new pirrewigga begar very handſom, and a brave beaver hatta; begar me coka de hatta, an look to dem as big as de divel: Vid all de gentleman officera behinda me, and begar all very fina. So de ſogiera giva de great ſhouta, and cry, God bleſs our Generalla, God bleſs your Excellenſa; an alla doſe tinga dat ſho de reſpect an de lova to de perſon o'de qualite. So me ſay to dem, harka, you rogua de ſogiera, me be your Generalla; me be a kin to my couſin, the Marſhal Turena, de great General in de varld; begar he ſho me all de trick 'o de warra, an all de poleteca; begar me tella you derefore one tinga: Begarra, if you ſtir from de camp, you rogua de ſogiera, begarra me hanga you by de law martialla; an marka you me one ting more, when de rebella coma, ſhoota de muſqueta, ſhoot de great gonn, make de great noiſa, an begar when de rebella runna, kill de rogua vid the pike in de back, and de bullet in de narſa.

Lady. O, was that then the orders you gave them? Your ſervant, my Lord, [*Exit* Lady.

Lord. Nay, if your Lordſhip ſaid that, you did all that a man could do.

Gener. Begar me know dat very wella: Begar me no come here to learna de art militaira; begar me de teacha dat very wella in my own contria. But, my Lore, begar me tella you one hiſtoria will make you laffa: begar de nit o' de batalla me be in bed vid one very pretty womans; begar, my Lore, de taut o' de occaſione o' de muſketa, o' de cannona, o' de pika, de bullet an de ſworda, begar

gar ſo run in my heada, dat begar me could do tinga.

Lord. Ay, my Lord, I don't doubt of that. Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſervant. [*Exit.* Lord.

Gener. Begar now dis be one very pretty tinga: Me beata de enemy like de great Generalla, like de man o'de conducta, an begar becauſa me no born in Englanda, begar de Engliſhman laff at me. Odſooner, dey be de ſtrangia natioon in de varld. [*Exit.*

THE

MILITANT COUPLE:

OR, THE

HUSBAND MAY THANK HIMSELF.

A

DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

Freeman. WELL! if theſe are the bleſſed effects of marriage, the Lord keep me and all good Chriſtians, I ſay, out of the pale of matrimony:----But pr'ythee, Bellair, is this their conſtant courſe of life?

Bellair. Why really, yes. Only with this difference, that what thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday, was nothing but meer ſport and paſtime to the terrible tragedies I have ſeen.

Freeman. For my part, I can't comprehend how the ſcene cou'd poſſibly be worſe. Methinks Sir John and my Lady threw whore and rogue at one another very plentifully.

Bellair. Pſhaw, pſhaw, cuſtom and uſe have made thoſe words ſo familiar to them, that now they have loſt all the poignancy of their ſignification. Alas! 'twas a meer calm, if compared to what tempeſtuous bluſtering weather I have ſeen in the family. Thou may'ſt as well think there runs as high a ſea in Chelſea Reach, as in the Bay of Biſcay, as conclude from yeſterday's bickering

what

what noble exploits are done among 'em, when both ſides are heroically inclin'd.

Freeman. I ſubmit, ſince there's no diſputing againſt matter of fact. However, pray inform me, what can be worſe than what I beheld yeſterday? Can any thing be more provoking, than for a man to inſult his wife after that mercileſs rate; or more odious, than for a woman to expoſe her huſband's infirmities?

Bellair. Yes, I tell you, blows are more provoking and odious. What ſignify a few fooliſh angry words? they don't break bones, nor give black eyes. Beſides, as I told you before, this ſort of language is now become ſo habitual to this worthy couple, that it makes no manner of impreſſion upon them. Mithridates, you know, by accuſtoming himſelf to poiſon, brought his body to ſuch a pitch at laſt, that he could regale himſelf with opium, and feaſt upon ratſbane.

Freeman So hiſtorians ſay indeed. 'Tis true, with the generality of conſtitutions, blows go a great deal farther than words. But, does Sir John beſtow ſuch favours often upon my lady?

Bellair. I have ſeen him deliver her over to the ſecular arm more than once. I remember, I dined there laſt winter, by the ſame token a quarrel happen'd about dreſſing of a diſh of fiſh. Sir John ſwore the cook deſerved to be crucified for ſpoiling ſo noble a brace of carp. My lady juſtified him, ſaid the ſauce was of her own ordering, and rallied Sir John very pleaſantly upon the viciouſneſs of his palate.

Freeman.

Freeman. Why, this is neither better nor worſe than what I have ſeen in moſt families.

Bellair. This nettled Sir John wonderfully, who you muſt know values himſelf upon the orthodoxy of his taſte. After abundance of good-natured compliments had paſt between 'em upon this head, Yes, madam, ſays he, I muſt own you are in the right: my palate is very vicious, and I ſhow'd it with a witneſs, when I married ſuch a compoſition of pride, malice, and luſt, as your ladyſhip.

Freeman. Ah, worthy knight, that was ſpoke like a hero! but what reply did my lady make to it?

Bellair. At leaſt, ſays ſhe, I have ſomething more to plead for myſelf than thou haſt. I knew thee to be a worthleſs ſot, an empty, guzzling, ſmoaking wretch. But a villain of an uncle, whom I hope the devil has rewarded for his pains, forced me to take thee for my huſband; otherwiſe I had ſooner courted an infection, and bedded a leproſy, than ſuffered myſelf to be polluted with thy nauſeous embraces.

Freeman. The true ſpirit of an Amazon, upon my word.

Bellair. I thought, 'twas now high time to interpoſe between the knight and his lady; ſo addreſſing myſelf to Sir John, I told him, that women had their odd fancies ſometimes, which a wiſe man ought to connive at: then turning to my lady, I repreſented to her the duty of her ſex; but finding that my preaching up of peace and moderation rather aggravated matters, than ſoften'd

ten'd them, I reſolved to ſit ſtill, and leave all to the over-ruling wiſdom of Providence.

Freeman. A very chriſtian diſpoſition. But proceed.

Bellair. The cloth was no ſooner removed, but the war broke out with greater fury than ever. Sir John extreamly provoked at ſomething my lady had ſaid to him, ſwore and bluſter'd like a hero in one of our modern tragedies. My lady, on her ſide, exerciſed her lungs with equal vigour, and was no leſs obſtreperous. At laſt the knight, unable to contain himſelf any longer, ſtruck off her commode, which courteſy her ladyſhip immediately requited, by throwing Sir John's perriwig upon the fire.

Freeman. This was doing buſineſs to ſome purpoſe.

Bellair. With that Sir John puſhes my lady againſt a fine new pendulum-clock, that ſtood in the room, and broke the olive caſe all to pieces. My lady ſoon rallied and beat back Sir John upon a huge Japan looking-glaſs, which was demoliſh'd in an inſtant; to retaliate which favour, the knight finiſhed all her china at three or four ſtrokes of his cane. But now they came to a cloſer engagement, diſtributing their blows to one another with incredible gallantry, while I-----

Freeman. That is, what I long to hear; for methinks I wou'd have found myſelf *un peu embaraſſé* how to behave myſelf in ſo nice a conjuncture.

Bellair.

Bellair. Liſten then. All this while I ſate unconcern'd upon my chair, keeping up to my old maxim of being neuter, between the two contending crowns. At laſt, after an hours diſpute, tho' with ſome ſhort intermiſſions, heaven was pleaſed to declare itſelf in favour of my lady, who retired triumphantly out of the parlour, and left her lord and maſter groveling upon the floor with a brace of black eyes; and all this to ſhew the vehemence of her affection.

Freeman. Well! 'tis a myſtery to me, that married people, however they behave themſelves to one another in private, ſhou'd not take care to preſerve a fair outſide at leaſt before ſtrangers. I knew a gentleman and his wife, who treated one another in public with all the reſpect and civility that can be imagined, ſo that you'd ſwear they were the moſt affectionate couple that ever graced the ſtate of matrimony, ſince the concatenation of Adam and Eve in Paradiſe. But when they were by themſelves the caſe was alter'd, and they ſhow'd themſelves in their proper ſhapes.---- But prithee Bellair how long have Sir John and my Lady been married?

Bellair. Somewhat better than five years. Sir John was the ſame numerical beaſt then you behold him now: but my Lady one of the moſt agreeable, ſweet temper'd creatures the ſun ever ſaw, and if ſhe's alter'd for the worſe, Sir John may e'en thank his own ill management. Alas! I know the whole hiſtory of their inteſtine broils, and what occaſion'd them. I was invited to the wedding.

Freeman. And what did you obſerve remarkable at this ceremony?

Bellair. Nothing as I know of, but what happens at all weddings. There was a world of noiſe and impertinence, of ſcandal and bawdy, attended with dancing, fiddling, ſwearing, drinking, ſmoaking, and the like. One thing indeed was ſomewhat particular: the bride's brother, who is a true country rake, without the leaſt ſhare of good ſenſe, or manners to atone for his vices, was pleas'd to tell all the company, how he had conſummated (but he uſed a more familiar expreſſion for't) the night before with a farmer's daughter upon a hay-cock; and this he delivered in ſuch beaſtly language, that I wonder none of the grave ancient matrons at the table did not rebuke him for't.

Freeman. Why marriages, you know, are like the feaſts of Saturn, devoted to merriment and liberty, and as in the latter, ſlaves were permitted to ſit down with their maſters; ſo in the former, the language of ſlaves (for what better name does obſcenity deſerve) is allow'd, I can't tell why, to come for a ſhare.

Bellair. The parſon of the pariſh led up the dances all the afternoon in his caſſock, for both the weather and ſport were too hot for him to whiſk it about in all his eccleſiaſtical harneſs. But what makes me dwell upon ſuch inſignificant trifles as theſe? In four days all the company parted, and had Sir John been a man of tolerable diſcretion, he would certainly have been the happieſt man in the univerſe. But I confeſs, his behaviour

haviour upon the nuptial day, gave me a vile omen of his future conduct.

Freeman. Why, what was that?

Bellair. Inſtead of ſaving himſelf from the bottle (which any man of common ſenſe in his circumſtances would have done) he muſt needs viſit every company in the houſe, and like a northern inn-keeper, drank with all his gueſts; ſo that when he came to bed to his bride, he was as drunk as a chaplain of the army upon wetting his commiſſion; and ſtunk of tobacco worſe than a foot-ſoldier, that breakfaſts, dines, and ſups upon the weed.

Freeman. This was fooliſh enough. However, this may be ſaid in Sir John's excuſe, that the day of marriage being a day of hurry and tumult, 'tis no wonder if the perſon chiefly concerned in all this came to ſuffer by it firſt. Beſides, I need not tell you that 'tis the wicked way of this world for the men to combine againſt the bridegroom on theſe occaſions, in order to diſable him from paying the tribute of the marriage-bed.

Bellair. For this very reaſon, Freeman, a man ought to ſet a double guard upon himſelf, and avoid the train that is laid to blow him up.

Freeman. That's right, but a ſpirit of good-nature and hoſpitality may ſometimes carry a man beyond the rules of decorum. Well, but if Sir John made this falſe ſtep upon the day of marriage, I hope he has made amends for it ſince.

Bellair. Why truly, if continuing one fault with another, is making amends for't, I know no man in the three kingdoms that has made more

ſubſtantial amends than Sir John. In ſhort, he minded his dogs, his cocks, his horſes, &c. more than his lady; was ſeldom or ever at home; and when he was, ſuch a litter of ſcoundrels ſtill accompanied him, there was ſuch a ſquabbling about the merits of Thunder and Ringwood, ſuch a profuſion of groundleſs calumny and ſcandal, that a woman of any breeding would much rather ſubmit to ſit out three naked prizes at the Bear-garden, than be forced to do penance in this nauſeous ribbaldry.

Freeman. And yet a woman muſt endure theſe hardſhips as well as ſhe can, ſince the generality of our country-gentlemen inure them to't.

Bellair. Never tell me what the generality of brutes do. Don't you think a fine woman, in the bloom of her age, that has brought a noble fortune into a family, if ſhe has any ſpirit or reſentment of injuries, muſt not abominate the ſtupid, ungrateful ſot that neglects and ſlights her, that prefers the company of the vileſt ſcoundrels to hers; that can hardly afford her a civil word when he's ſober, and always inſults her when he's drunk? Don't you think, I ſay, that a woman muſt have ſomething very angelical in her conſtitution, not to retaliate upon her huſband that uſes her thus, when an opportunity is offered her?

Freeman. I' faith I muſt own 'tis inſupportable uſage; and if I were a woman, and treated ſo barbarouſly, for all the chriſtianity I pretend to, I am afraid, I ſhould rebel.

Bellair.

Bellair. To return now to my diſcourſe from which theſe reflections have inſenſibly led me. Sir John was generally abroad at his cock-matches and horſe-races, projecting Newmarket aſſignations, tippling with his brother juſtices of the peace, managing elections, puniſhing the interlopers upon game, while his lady lived as melancholy a life at home, as if ſhe had been confined to a nunnery; with this improvement too of her perſecution, that ſhe had nothing to converſe with, but an old, affected, malicious aunt of Sir John, who continually entertain'd her with dull inſipid hiſtories of the heroes and heroines of her family.

Freeman. And how did ſhe bear it?

Bellair. With a patience hardly to be parallel'd. I know ſome malicious people in the neighbourhood talk ſtrange things of a private intrigue between her and a certain gentleman, with which they have ſo effectually poſſeſſed the knight, that this has occaſion'd all the ill blood between them; tho' I can't imagine what pretence Sir John has to be jealous; for why ſhould a man be jealous, that never was capable of love; or be concern'd to have that property invaded, which he always ſlighted?

Freeman. As ill an opinion as I have of the fair ſex, yet I believe their miſcarriages, generally ſpeaking, are purely owing to the men. A ſtate muſt be troubled with civil diſſentions at home, before any foreigner will pretend to invade it; and there muſt be an ill underſtanding between

the wife and the huſband, before a gallant can hope to ſucceed in the family.

Bellair. After all, if the lady has actually treſpaſs'd againſt Sir John's honour, the Knight has none to thank but himſelf; for let a huſband be never ſo much the ſuperior, and flatter himſelf never ſo much with an imaginary pre-eminence, yet if he affects a deſpotic ſway, takes more upon him than the law allows him, and violates the original contract, 'tis as natural for wives as for ſubjects to rebel.

POEMS.

POEMS.

A PINDARIC POEM ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD FAIRFAX, FATHER TO THE DUTCHESS DOWAGER OF BUCKINGHAM.

UNDER this ſtone does lie
One born for victory;
FAIRFAX the viliant, and the only he,
Whoe'er for that alone a conqueror wou'd be:
Both ſexes virtues were in him combin'd;
He had the fierceneſs of the manlieſt mind,
And yet the meekneſs too of woman-kind:
He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
His ſoul was fill'd with truth and honeſty,
And with another thing, quite out of date, call'd modeſty.

II.

He ne'er ſeem'd impudent, but in the place
Where impudence itſelf dares ſeldom ſhew its face;
Had any ſtrangers ſpy'd him in the room
With ſome of thoſe he had overcome,
And had not heard their talk, but only ſeen
Their geſture and their mein,
They wou'd have ſworn he had the vanquiſh'd been:
For as they bragg'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,

While they their own ill-luck in war repeated,
His modeſty ſtill made him bluſh, to hear
How often he had them defeated.

III.

Through his whole life, the part he bore
Was wonderful and great,
And yet it ſo appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private laſt retreat;
For 'tis a ſtranger thing to find
One man of ſuch a worthy mind,
As can diſmiſs the power which he has got,
Than millions of the polls and braves;
Thoſe deſpicable fools and knaves,
Who ſuch a pudder make,
Through dulneſs and miſtake,
In ſeeking after pow'r, and get it not.

IV.

When all the nation he had won,
And with expence of blood had bought,
Store great enough he thought
Of glory and renown;
He then his arms laid down,
With juſt as little pride
As if he had been of his enemies ſide,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
He neither wealth, nor places ſought:
He never for himſelf but others fought:
He was content to know,
(For he had found it ſo)
That, when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
And left the ſpoil and plunder to the rabble.

He

He might have been a King,
But that he underſtood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjuſtly great, than honourably good.

V.

This from the world did admiration draw
And from his friends, both love and awe,
Remembring what he did in fight before:
And his foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Becauſe he was reſolv'd to fight no more.
So bleſs'd by all he dy'd; but far more bleſs'd were we,
If we were ſure to live, till we could ſee
A man as great in war, as juſt in peace as he.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHAT a dull fool was I,
To think ſo groſs a lye,
As that I ever was in love before?
I have, perhaps, known one or two
With whom I was content to be,
At that which they call keeping company;
But after all that they could do,
I ſtill could be with more:
Their abſence never made me ſhed a tear;
And I can truly ſwear,
That till my eyes firſt gaz'd on you,
I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.

A world

A world of things muſt curiouſly be ſought,
A world of things muſt be together brought
To make up charms which have the power to move,
Through a diſcerning eye, true love;
That is a maſter-piece above
What only looks and ſhape can do,
There muſt be wit and judgment too;
Greatneſs of thought and worth which draw
From the whole world, reſpect and awe.
She that would raiſe a noble love, muſt find
Ways to beget a paſſion for her mind;
She muſt be that, which ſhe to be wou'd ſeem;
For all true love is grounded on eſteem:
Plainneſs and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked ſubtleties of art.
She muſt be---What ſaid I? She muſt be you,
None but yourſelf that miracle can do;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, thus much I plainly ſee,
None but yourſelf e'er did it upon me:
'Tis you alone that can my heart ſubdue,
To you alone it always ſhall be true;
Your god-like ſoul is that which rules my fate,
It does in me new paſſions ſtill create,
For love of you all women elſe I hate:
But oh! your body too is ſo divine,
I kill myſelf with wiſhing you all mine.
In pain and anguiſh night and day,
I faint, and melt away:
In vain againſt my grief I ſtrive,
My entertainment now is crying,
And all the ſenſe I have of being alive,
Is that I feel myſelf a dying.

A DES-

A DESCRIPTION OF FORTUNE.

FORTUNE made up of toys, and impudence,
That common jade that has not common ſenſe,
But fond of buſineſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, yet ſpoils the world's affairs:
She's fluttering up and down, her favour throws
On the next met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom ſhe helps, nor merit knows:
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves but fools and knaves.
Let her love whom ſhe will, I ſcorn to woo her;
While ſhe ſtays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if ſhe offers once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things;
And arm'd with virtue, will more glorious ſtand,
Than if the bitch ſtill bent at my command.
I'll marry honeſty tho' ne'er ſo poor;
Rather than follow ſuch a dull blind whore.

UPON FELTON, THAT WAS HANGED IN CHAINS FOR THE MURDER OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, IN THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES I.

HERE uninterr'd ſuſpends, tho' not to ſave,
Surviving friends th' expences of a grave,
Felton's dead earth, which to the world will be
Its own ſad monument; his eulogy,
As large as fame, which whether bad or good
I ſay not, by himſelf 'twas wrote in blood;

For

For which his body is intomb'd in air,
Arch'd o'er with heav'n, ſet with a thouſand fair
And glorious ſtars, a noble ſepulchre,
Which time itſelf can't ruinate, and where
Th' impartial worm (that is not brib'd to ſpare
Princeſs corrupt in marble) cannot ſhare
His fleſh, which oft the charitable ſkies
Imbalm with tears, daining thoſe obſequies,
So long to men ſhall laſt, 'till pitying fowl
Contend to reach his body to his ſoul.

A CONSOLATORY EPISTLE TO CAPTAIN JULIAN, THE MUSES NEWS-MONGER, IN HIS CONFINEMENT.

DEAR friend, when thoſe we love are in diſtreſs,
Kind verſe may comfort, tho' it can't redreſs;
Nor can I think ſuch zeal you'll diſcommend,
Since poetry has been ſo much your friend:
On that thou'ſt liv'd and flouriſh'd all thy time;
Nay more, maintain'd a family by rhime;
And that's a mark that Dryden ne'er could hit,
He lives upon his penſion not his wit:
E'en gentle George (flux'd both in tongue and purſe)
Shunning one ſnare, yet fell into a worſe.
A man may be reliev'd once in his life,
But who can be reliev'd that has a wife?
Otway can hardly guts from gaol preſerve,
And, tho' he's very fat, he's like to ſtarve:

And

And ſing-ſong Durfey (plac'd beneath abuſes)
Lives by his impudence, and not the muſes:
Poor Crown too has his third days mix'd with gall,
He lives ſo ill, he hardly lives at all.
Shadwell and Settle both with rhimes are fraught,
But can't between 'em muſter up a groat:
Nay, Lee in Bethl'em now ſees better days,
Than when applauded for his bombaſt plays;
He knows no care, nor feels ſharp want no more,
And that is what he ne'er could ſay before:
Thus while our bards are famiſh'd by their wit,
Thou who haſt none at all, yet thriv'ſt by it.
Were't poſſible that wit could turn a penny,
Poets might then grow rich as well as any:
For 'tis not wit to have a great eſtate,
The blind effect of fortune and of fate:
Since oft we ſee a coxcomb dull and vain,
Brim-full of caſh, yet empty in his brain:
Nor is it wit that makes the lawyer prize
His dangl'd gown: 'tis knavery in diſguiſe:
Nor is it wit that makes the tradeſman great,
'Tis the compendious art to lye and cheat.
The baſe ſtrumpet ſtill may rant and rail,
'Tis not her wit ſhe lives by, but her tail:
Nor is it wit that drills the ſtateſman on
To waſte the ſweets of life, ſo quickly gone:
For 'tis not wit that brings a man to hanging,
That goes no farther than a harmleſs banging.
How juſtly then doſt thou our praiſe deſerve,
That got'ſt thy bread where all men elſe did ſtarve?
But what's more ſtrange, the miracle was wrought
By one that ha'nt the leaſt pretence to thought:

And

And he that had no meaning to do wrong,
Can't ſuffer ſure, for his no meaning, long.
And that's the conſolation that I bring;
Thou art too dull, to think a treach'rous thing,
The thoughtful traytor 'tis offends the king.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MR. JULIAN, SECRETARY TO THE MUSES.

THOU common-ſhore of this poetic town,
Where all our excrements of wit are thrown.
For ſonnet, ſatyr, bawdry, blaſphemy,
Are emptied and diſburden'd all on thee:
The chol'rick wight, untruſſing in a rage,
Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy page.
Thou Julian, or thou wiſe Veſpaſian rather,
Doſt from this dung thy well pick'd guineas gather.
All miſchief's thine tranſcribing, thou wilt ſtoop
From lofty Middleſex, to lowly Scroop:
What times are theſe, when in that hero's room,
Bow-bending Cupid does with ballads come,
And little Aſhton offers to the bum----
Can two ſuch pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch Tom-Thumbs, of ſatyr in a court?
Poor George grows old, his muſe is worn out of faſhion;
Hoarſly ſhe ſung Ephelia's lamentation.
Leſs art thou helpt by Dryden's bed-rid age,
That drone has left his ſting upon the ſtage.
Reſolve me, poor apoſtate, this one doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this winter out?

Know and be thankful then, for providence,
By me has ſent thee this intelligence.
A knight there is, if thou can'ſt gain his grace,
Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd face,
For proweſs of the pen, renown'd is he,
Deſcended from Don Quixot lineally.
And though like him unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love.
Of his unfiniſh'd face, what ſhall I ſay,
But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay,
That much, much oak was on it beſtow'd,
God's image 'tis not, but ſome Indian god.
Our chriſtian earth can no reſemblance bring,
But ware of Portugal for ſuch a thing.
Such carbuncles his fiery face confeſs,
As no Hungarian water can redreſs.
A face which ſhou'd he ſee, but heaven was kind,
And to indulge his ſelf-love, made him blind.
He dares not ſtir abroad for fear to meet,
Curſes of teeming women in the ſtreet.
The leaſt cou'd happen from that hideous ſight
Is that they ſhou'd miſcarry with the fright:
Heaven guard 'em from the likeneſs of the knight.
Such is our charming Strephon's outward man
His inward parts let thoſe deſcribe who can:
But by his monthly flowers diſcharg'd abroad,
'Till full, brim full of paſtoral and ode:
E'er while he honour'd Bertha with his flame;
And now he chants no leſs Loviſa's name.
For when his paſſion has been babling long,
The froth at laſt breaks into a ſong.

But

But ſure no mortal creature at one time,
Was e'er ſo far o'er gone with love and rhime.
To his dear ſelf of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks.
His ſqueezing looks, his pangs of wit accuſe,
The very ſymptoms of a breeding muſe.
And all to gain the great Loviſa's grace,
But never wit did pimp for ſuch a face.
There's not a nymph in city, town or court,
But Strephon's billet doux's have made them ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill as ſure to miſs,
As they, that waſh an Ethiope's face, or his.
What fate unlucky Strephon does attend,
Never to get a miſtreſs, or a friend?
Strephon a like both wits and fools deteſt,
Becauſe, like Æſop's bat, half bird half beaſt.
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit ſuppoſes common ſenſe.
Not quite ſo low as fool, nor quite a top,
But hangs between 'em both, and is a fop.
His morals, like his wit, are motley too;
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado.
But vanity and lying ſo prevail,
That one grain more of each wou'd turn the ſcale.
He wou'd be more a villain had he time,
But he's ſo wholly taken up with rhime,
That he miſtakes his talent, all his care
Is to be thought a poet fine and fair.
Small-beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he preſcribes himſelf to think.
Rhime next his heart, he takes at morning-peep,
Some love-epiſtles at his hours of ſleep.

So

So between elegy and ode we ſee,
Strephon is in a courſe of poetry.
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The Pelican to feed thee with his blood.
Thy wit, thy poet, nay thy friend, for he,
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee:
Make ſure of him, and of his muſe betimes,
For all his ſtudy is hung round with rhimes.
Laugh at him, juſtle him, yet ſtill he writes,
In rhime he challenges, in rhime he fights.
Charg'd with the laſt and baſeſt infamy,
His buſineſs is to think what rhimes to lie:
Which found, in fury he retorts again,
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen.
His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
His miſtreſs loſt, and yet his pen's his ſword.

THE LOST MISTRESS. A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE COUNTESS OF -------.*

FORSAKEN Strephon, in a loneſome glade,
By nature for deſpairing ſorrows made,
Beneath a blaſted oak had laid him down,
By light'ning that, as he by love o'er thrown.
Upon the moſſy root he lean'd his head,
While at his feet a murmuring current led

* Probably the counteſs of Shrewſbury, whoſe lord he killed in a duel on her account, and who is ſaid to have held the duke's horſe, diſguiſed like a page, during the combat; to reward his proweſs in which, ſhe went to bed in the ſhirt ſtained with her huſband's blood. The loves of this tender pair are recorded by Pope.

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love.

Her ſtreams, that ſympathiz'd with his ſad moans,
The neighb'ring echoes anſwer'd all his groans.
Then as the dewy morn reſtor'd the day,
Whilſt ſtretch'd on earth the ſilent mourner lay;
At laſt into theſe doleful ſounds he broke,
Obdurate rocks diſſolving whilſt he ſpoke;
What language can my injur'd paſſion frame,
That knows not how to give its wrongs a name;
My ſuff'ring heart can all relief refuſe,
Rather than her, it did adore, accuſe.
Teach me, ye groves, ſome art to eaſe my pain,
Some ſoft reſentments that may leave no ſtain
On her lov'd name, and then I will complain.
Till then, to all my wrongs I will be blind,
And whilſt ſhe's cruel, call her but unkind.
As all my thoughts to pleaſe her were employ'd,
When of her ſmiles the bleſſing I enjoy'd,
So now by her forſaken and forlorn,
I'll rack invention to excuſe her ſcorn.
While ſhe to truth and me unjuſt does prove,
From her to fate the blame I will remove;
Say, 'twas a deſtiny ſhe cou'd not ſhun,
Fate made her change that I might be undone.
E'er with perfidious guilt her ſoul I'll tax,
I'll charge it on the frailty of her ſex,
Doom'd her firſt mother's error to purſue:
She ne'er was falſe, cou'd woman have been true.
Let all her ſex henceforth be ever ſo.
She had the power to make my bliſs or woe,
And ſhe has given my heart its mortal blow.
In love the bleſſing of my life I clos'd,
And in her cuſtody that love diſpos'd.
In one dear freight all's loſt! of her bereft,
I have no hope, no ſecond comfort left.

If

If ſuch another beauty I could find,
A beauty too that bore a conſtant mind,
Ev'n that could bring me medicine for my pain,
I lov'd not at a rate to love again.
No change can eaſe for my ſick heart prepare,
Widow'd to hope, and wedded to deſpair.
Thus ſigh'd the ſwain, at length his o'er-watch'd eyes
A ſoft beguiling ſlumber did ſurprize;
Whoſe flatt'ring comfort prov'd both ſhort and vain,
Refreſh'd, like ſlaves from racks, to greater pain.

UPON NOTHING. A POEM.

BY THE D. OF B. AND THE E. OF ROCHESTER.

NOTHING, thou elder-brother, even to ſhade,
Who hadſt a being ere the world was made,
And well fixt alone, of ending not afraid.

Ere time and place were, time and place were not,
When primitive nothing, ſomething ſtrait begat;
Then all proceeded from the great united what!

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee its ſole original.
Into thy boundleſs ſelf, muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

Yet ſomething did thy nothing power command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſſes hand,
Snatch men, beaſts, birds, fire, water, air and land.

Matter, the wicked'ſt offspring of thy race,
By form aſſiſted, fled from thy embrace,
And rebel light, obſcur'd thy rev'rend duſky face.

With form and matter, time and place did join;
Body, thy foe, with theſe did leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful reign, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat time, aſſiſts the foe amain,
And brib'd by thee, deſtroys their ſhort-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb, drives back thy ſlaves again.

Thy myſteries are hid from Laick eyes,
And the Divine alone by warrant pries
Into thy boſom, where the truth in private lies.

Yet this of thee, the wiſe may truly ſay,
Thou from the virtuous, nothing take'ſt away,
And to be part of thee, the wicked wiſely pray.

Great negative! how vainly would the wiſe
Enquire, deſign, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe,
Did'ſt not thou ſtand to point their blind philoſophies.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of fate,
Of true or falſe, the ſubject of debate,
That perfects or deſtroys deſigns of ſtate.

When they have rack'd the politicians breaſt,
Within thy boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
Reduc'd to thee are leaſt, tho' ſafe and beſt.

But nothing, why doth ſomething ſtill permit,
That ſacred monarchs ſhould at council ſit
With perſons thought, at beſt, for nothing fit?

Whilſt weighty ſomething, modeſtly abſtains
From princes courts, and from our ſtateſmens brains;
And nothing there like ſtately nothing reigns.

Nothing, that dwells with fools, in grave diſguiſe,
For whom they rev'rend forms and ſhapes deviſe,
Lawn ſleeves, furs, gowns, when they like thee look wiſe.

French truth, Dutch proweſs, Britiſh policy,
Hybernian learning, Scots fidelity,
Spaniards diſpatch, Danes wit are mainly ſeen in thee.

The great man's gratitude to his beſt friend,
Kings promiſes, whores vows, tow'rds thee bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYES. IN IMITATION OF A SATYR IN BOILEAU. BY THE SAME.

SINCE the ſons of the Muſes grew num'rous and loud,
For th' appeaſing ſo factious, and clam'rous a croud,
Apollo thought fit, in ſo weighty a cauſe,
T' eſtabliſh a government, leader, and laws.
The hopes of the bayes, at the ſummoning call,
Had drawn them together, the Devil and all;
All thronging and liſt'ning, they gap'd for the bleſſing:
No preſbyter ſermon had more crouding and preſſing:
In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit ſo long lov'd and fear'd,

But Apollo had heard a ſtory in town,
Of his quitting the Muſes, to wear the black gown;
And ſo gave him leave now his poetry's done,
To let him turn prieſt ſince R---- is turn'd nun.
This reverend author was no ſooner ſet by,
But Apollo had got gentle George * in his eye.
And frankly confeſt, of all men that writ,
There's none had more fancy, ſenſe, judgment and wit!
But in th' crying ſin, idleneſs, he was ſo harden'd,
That his long ſeven year's ſilence, was not to be pardon'd.
----W----y † was the next man ſhew'd his face,
But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the place;
No gentleman writer that office ſhould bear,
But a trader in wit the laurel ſhould wear,
As none but a Cit---e'er makes a Lord-Mayor.
Next into the croud, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
And ſwears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
That 'tis he alone beſt pleaſes the age,
Himſelf, and his wife, have ſupported the ſtage:
Apollo well pleas'd with ſo bonny a lad,
T' oblige him, he told him, he ſhould be huge glad,
Had he half ſo much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
Nat. Lee ſtept in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
But he had as much wit as wine could ſupply;

* Sir George Etheredge. † Mr. Wycherly.

Confeſt

Confeſt that indeed he had a muſical note,
But ſometimes ſtrain'd ſo hard that he rattled in
throat;
Yet owning he had ſenſe, t'encourage him for't,
He made him his Ovid in Auguſtus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn
out,
And humbly deſir'd he might give no offence;
Dam him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write ſenſe:
And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull
rogue;
Apollo conſidering he was not in vogue,
Would not truſt his dear Bays with ſo modeſt a
fool,
And bid the great boy be ſent back to ſchool.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear
Zany,
And ſwears, for heroicks, he writes beſt of any:
Don Carlos his pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were
all kill'd;
Anababaluthu put in for a ſhare,
And little Tom Eſſences author was there:
But Apollo had ſeen his face on the ſtage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage,
The ſcum of a play-houſe, for the prop of an
age.
In the numerous croud that incompaſs'd him
round,
Little ſtarch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found,

His cravat-ſtring new iron'd, he gently did ſtretch
His lily white hand out, the laurel to reach.
Alledging that he had moſt right to the Bays,
For writing romances, and ſh-ting of plays:
Apollo roſe up, and gravely confeſt,
Of all men that writ, his talent was beſt;
For ſince pain and diſhonour mans life only damn,
The greateſt felicity mankind can claim,
Is to want ſenſe of ſmart, and to be paſt ſenſe of ſhame;
And to perfect his bliſs in poetical rapture,
He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
The poeteſs Afra, next ſhew'd her ſweet face,
And ſwore by her poetry, and her black ace.
The laurel by a double right was her own,
For the plays ſhe had writ, and the conqueſts ſhe had won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet to deal frankly and ingenuouſly by her,
He told her were conqueſts, and charms her pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen years ſince.
Nor could Durfy forbear for the laurel to ſtickle,
Proteſting that he had the honour to tickle
Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam Fickle.
With other pretenders, whoſe names I'd rehearſe,
But that they're too long to ſtand in my verſe:
Apollo quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
At laſt found Tom Betterton's face in the gang;
For ſince poets without the kind players may hang,

By

By his one ſacred light he ſolemnly ſwore,
That in ſearch of a laureat, he'd look out no more.
A general murmur ran quite thro' the hall,
To think that the Bays to an actor ſhould fall;
Tom told e'm, to put his deſert to the teſt,
That he had MAID plays as well as the beſt,
And was the great'ſt wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play-ſcriblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had moſt worth, and modeſty in't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR UPON THE FOLLIES OF THE MEN OF THE AGE. BY THE SAME.

WHEN Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Fletcher, rul'd the ſtage,
They took ſo bold a freedom with the age,
That there was ſcarce a knave, or fool in town
Of any note, but had his picture ſhown;
And (without doubt) tho' ſome it may offend,
Nothing helps more than ſatyr, to amend
Ill-manners, or is trulier virtue's friend:
Princes may laws ordain, prieſts gravely preach,
But poets more ſucceſsfully will teach;
For as a paſſing-bell frights from his meat,
The greedy ſick-man, that too much would eat;
So when a vice ridiculous is made,
Our neighbours ſhame keeps us from growing bad,
But wholeſome remedies few palates pleaſe,
Men rather love what flatters their diſeaſe;

Pimps,

Pimps, paraſites, buffoons, and all the crew
That under friendſhip's name weak man undo,
Find their falſe ſervice kindlier underſtood,
Than ſuch as tell both truths to do us good;
Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find
A man without ſome ſickneſs of the mind:
In vain we wiſe would ſeem, while ev'ry luſt
Whiſks us about, as whirl-winds do the duſt.
Here for ſome needleſs gain, the wretch is hurl'd
From pole to pole, and ſlav'd about the world,
While the reward of all his pains and care,
Ends in that deſpicable thing, his heir.
There a vain fop mortgages all his land,
To buy that gawdy play-thing, a command;
To ride a cock-horſe, wear a ſcarf at's arſe,
And play the pudding in a May-day farce;
Here one whom God to make a fool thought fit,
In ſpite of Providence will be a wit;
But wanting ſtrength t'uphold his ill made choice,
Sets up with lewdneſs, blaſphemy and noiſe;
There at his miſtreſs' feet a lover lies,
And for a tawdry painted baby dies;
Falls on his knees, adores; and is afraid
Of the vain idol he himſelf has made:
Theſe, and a thouſand fools unmention'd here,
Hate poets all, becauſe they poets fear;
Take heed (they cry) yonder mad dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his fit;
Come but in's way and ſtrait a new lampoon
Shall ſpread your mangled fame about the town.
But why am I this Bug-bear to you all?
My pen is dip'd in no ſuch bitter gall.

" He that can rail at one he calls his friend,
" Or hear him (abſent) wrong'd, and not defend;
" Who for the ſake of ſome ill-natur'd jeſts,
" Tells what he ſhould conceal, invents the reſt;
" To fatal mid-night quarrels can betray,
" His brave companion, and then run away;
" Leaving him to be murder'd in the ſtreet,
" Then put it off with ſome buffoon conceit;
" This, this is he you ſhould beware of all,
" Yet him a pleaſant, witty man, you call;"
To whet your dull debauches up and down,
You ſeek him as top fidler of the town:
But if I laugh when the court-coxcombs ſhow
To ſee the booby Sotus dance provoe;
Or chattering Porus from the ſide-box grin,
Trick like a lady's monkey new made clean:
To me the name of Railer ſtraight you give,
Call me a man that knows not how to live.
But wenches to their keepers true ſhall turn,
Stale maids of honour proffer'd huſbands ſcorn,
Great ſtateſmen flattery and clinches hate,
And long in office, die without eſtate;
Againſt a bribe, court-judges ſhall decide,
The city knavery want, the clergy pride:
E'er that black malice in my rhimes you find,
That wrongs a worthy man, or hurts a friend.
But then perhaps you'll ſay, Why do you write,
What you think harmleſs mirth, the world thinks ſpight.
Why ſhould your fingers itch to have a laſh
At Simius the buffoon, or cully Baſh?
What is't to you, if Alidore's fine whore,
Lies with ſome fop, whilſt he's ſhut out of door:
Conſider

Conſider pray, that dang'rous weapon, wit,
Frightens a million, when a few you hit:
Whip but a cur, as you ride thro' a town,
And ſtrait his fellow curs the quarrel own,
Each knave, or fool that's conſcious of a crime,
Tho' he 'ſcapes now, looks for't another time.
Sir, I confeſs all you have ſaid is true,
But who has not ſome folly to purſue?
Milo turn'd Quixot, fancy'd battles, fights,
When the fifth bottle had encreas'd the lights,
War, like dirt pies, our hero Paris forms,
Which deſperate Beſſus without armour ſtorms.
Cornus, the kindeſt huſband e'er was born,
Still courts the ſpark that does his brows adorn;
Invites him home to dine, and fills his veins
With the hot blood which his dear Doxy drains.
Grandio thinks himſelf a beau Garçon,
Goggles his eyes, writes letters up and down,
And with his ſaucy love plagues all the town;
While pleas'd to have his vanity thus fed,
He's caught with C---- that old hag, a bed.
But ſhou'd I all the crying follies tell,
That rouſe the ſleeping ſatyr from his cell,
I to my reader ſhou'd as tedious prove,
As that old ſpark, Albanus, making love:
Or florid Roſcius, when with ſome ſmooth flam,
He gravely on the publick ſtrives to ſham.
Hold then, my muſe, 'tis time to make an end,
Leaſt taxing others, thou thyſelf offend.
The world's a wood, in which all loſe their way,
Though by a different path each goes aſtray.

TIMON,

TIMON, A SATYR, IN IMITATION OF MONSIEUR BOILEAU, UPON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN SOME NEW PLAYS THEN ACTED UPON THE STAGE.

A. *WHAT*, Timon, *does old age begin to approach.*
That thus thou droop'ſt under a night's debauch?
Haſt thou loſt deep to needy rogues *on tick,*
Who ne'er could pay, and muſt be paid next week?
Timon. Neither, alas! but, a dull dining ſot
Seiz'd me i'th' Mall, who juſt my name had got;
He runs upon me, cries, dear rogue, I'm thine,
With me ſome wits of my acquaintance dine.
I tell him I'm engaged; but as a whore,
With modeſty, enſlaves her ſpark the more;
The longer I deny'd, the more he preſt,
At laſt I e'en conſent to be his gueſt;
He takes me in his coach, and as we go,
Pulls out a libel of a ſheet or two;
Inſipid as the praiſe of pious queens,
Or Shadwell's unaſſiſted former ſcenes;
Which he admir'd, and prais'd at every line;
At laſt it was ſo ſharp it muſt be mine:
I vow'd I was no more a wit than he,
Unpractis'd, and unbleſt in poetry:
A ſong to Phillis I perhaps might make,
And never rhim'd, but for my miſtreſs' ſake:
I envy'd no man's fortune, nor his fame,
Nor ever thought of a revenge ſo tame.
He knew my ſtile, he ſwore, it was in vain,
Thus to deny the iſſue of my brain.

Chok'd

Chok'd with his flattery, I no anſwer make,
But ſilent leave him to his dear miſtake.
Of a well-meaning fool I'm moſt afraid,
Who ſillily repeats what was well ſaid.
But this is not the worſt, when he came home,
He aſk'd, are Sedley, Buckhurſt, Savil come?
No. but there were above Halfwit and Huff,
Kickum, and Dingboy. Oh! that's well enough;
They're all brave fellows, cries mine hoſt, lets dine,
I long to have my belly full of wine.
They'll ſmartly write, and fight, I dare aſſure you,
They're men I'faith; *Tam Marte quam Mecurio.*
I ſaw my error, but 'twas then too late,
No means, nor hopes appear'd for a retreat:
Well, we ſalute, and each man takes his ſeat.
Boy, cries my ſot, is my wife ready yet?
A wife, good Gods! a fop, and bullies too!
For one poor meal, what muſt I undergo?
In comes my lady ſtrait, ſhe had been fair,
Fit to give love, and to prevent deſpair;
But age, beauty's incurable diſeaſe,
Had left her more deſire, than power to pleaſe.
As cocks will ſtrive although their ſpurs be gone,
She with her one bleer eye to ſmite began;
Tho' nothing elſe, ſhe (in deſpight of time)
Preſerv'd the affectation of her prime:
However you begun, ſhe brought in love,
And hardly from that ſubject would remove:
We chanc'd to ſpeak of the French king's ſucceſs,
My lady wonder'd much how heaven could bleſs
A man that loy'd two women at one time;
But more, how he to them excus'd his crime.

She

She aſked Huff, If love's flame he e'er felt!
He anſwer'd bluntly do you think I'm gelt?
She at his plainneſs ſmil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in young minds precedes ev'n poetry;
You to that paſſion can no ſtranger be,
But wits are given to inconſtancy.
She had run on I think till now, but meat
Came up, and ſuddenly ſhe took her ſeat:
I thought the dinner would make ſome amends,
When my good hoſt cry'd out, "You're all my
" friends:
" Our own plain fare, and the beſt terſe the bull
" Affords, I give you, and your bellies full;
" As for French kick-ſhaws, cellery, and champain,
" Ragous and fricaſſes, in troth we'ave none:"
Here's a good dinner toward, thought I, when
ſtrait,
Up came a piece of beef, full horſe-man weight;
Hard as the arſe of M——, under which
The coachman ſweats, as ridden by a witch;
A diſh of carrots, each of 'em as long
As T——l that to fair counteſs did belong;
Which her ſmall pillow could not ſo well hide,
But viſiters his flaming head eſpy'd:
Pig, gooſe, and capon follow'd in the rear,
With all that country bumkins call good cheer:
Serv'd up with ſauces all of eighty-eight,
When our tough youth, wreſtled, and threw the
weight:
And now the bottle briſkly flies about,
Inſtead of ice, wrapt up in a wet clout:
A brimmer follows, the third bit we eat,
Small beer becomes our drink, and wine our meat:

The

The table was ſo large, that in leſs ſpace,
A man might ſix old ſage Italians place:
Each man had as much room as porter B——
Or Harris had in Cullen's buſhel ——
And now the wine began to work, mine hoſt
Had been a colonel, we muſt hear him boaſt,
Not of towns won but an eſtate he loſt
For the king's ſervice, which indeed he ſpent,
Whoring and drinking but with good intent;
He talkt much of a plot and money lent
In Cromwell's time: As for my lady ſhe
Complain'd our love was coarſe, our poetry
Unfit for modeſt ears, ſmall whores, and play'rs,
Were of our hair-brain'd youth the only cares;
Who were too wild for any virtuous league,
Too rotten to conſummate the intrigue.
Falkland ſhe prais'd, and Suckling's eaſy pen,
And ſeem'd to taſte their former parts again.
Mine hoſt drinks to the beſt in Chriſtendom,
And decently my lady quits the room.
Left to ourſelves, of ſeveral things we prate,
Some regulate the ſtage, and ſome the ſtate:
Halfwit, cries up my lord of Orrery,
Ah! how well Muſtapha, and Zanger die;
His ſenſe is ſo little forc'd that by one line
You may the other eaſily divine:
And which is worſe, if any worſe can be,
He never ſaid one word of it to me.
There's luſcious poetry! you'd ſwear 'twas proſe;
So little on the ſenſe the rhimes impoſe:
D--m me (ſays Dingboy) in my mind G-dſ--ns,
Etheridge write airy ſongs, and ſoft lampoons,
The beſt of any man; as for your nouns,
Grammar,

Grammar, and rules of art, he knows 'em not,
Yet writ two taking plays, without one plot.
Huff, was for Settle, and Morocco prais'd,
Said rumbling words, like drums, his courage rais'd;
Whoſe broad built bulks the boiſt'rous billows bear.
Zaphee, and Sally, Mugadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan;
Was ever braver language writ by man?
Kickum for Crown declar'd, ſaid in romance,
He had outdone the very wits of France:
Witneſs Pandion; and his Charles the Eight,
Where a young monarch, careleſs of his fate,
Tho' foreign troops, and rebels ſhook his ſtate;
Complains another ſight afflicts him more,
(Viz.) The Queen's galleys rowing from the ſhore,
Fitting their oars, and tacking to be gone,
Whilſt ſporting waves ſmil'd on the riſing ſun.
Waves ſmiling on the ſun! I am ſure that's new,
And, 'twas well thought on, give the Devil his due.
My Hoſt, who had ſaid nothing in an hour,
Roſe up, and prais'd the Indian Emperor;
As if our old world modeſtly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth anew.
Theſe are two lines, who but he durſt preſume
To make th' old world a new withdrawing room?
Whereof another world ſhe's brought to bed;
What a brave midwife is a laureat's head!
But pox upon theſe ſcriblers, what d'ye think,
Will Zouches this year any champain drink?
Will Turene fight him? Without doubt, ſays Huff,
If they two meet their meeting will be rough,

D—mn me (ſays Dingboy) the French cowards are,
They pay, but th' Engliſh, Scots, and Switz make war:
In gawdy troops, at a review they ſhine,
But dare not with the Germans battle join:
What now appears like courage, is not ſo,
'Tis a ſhort pride which from ſucceſs does grow.
On their firſt blow, they'll ſhrink into thoſe fears
They ſhew'd at Creſſy, Agin-Court, Poictiers;
Their loſs was infamous, honour ſo ſtain'd
Is by a nation not to be regain'd.
What they were then, I know not, now they're brave,
He that deneies it, lies, and is a ſlave
(Says Huff, and frown'd;) ſays Dingboy, that do I;
And at that word, at t'others head let fly
A greaſy Plate, when ſuddenly they all
Together by the ears in parties fall:
Halfwit with Dingboy joins, Kickum with Huff,
Their ſwords were ſafe, and ſo we let 'em cuff,
Till, they, my Hoſt, and I, had all enough.
Their rage once over they begin to treat,
And fix freſh bottles muſt the peace compleat;
I ran down ſtairs, with a vow ne'er more,
To drink beer-glaſſes, and hear Hectors roar,

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A PAINTER, TO DRAW MY L. A——TON; GRAND MINISTER OF STATE.

FIRST draw an arrant fop, from top to toe,
Whoſe very looks at firſt daſh ſhew him ſo:
Give him a mean proud garb, a dapper face,
A pert dull grin, a black-patch croſs his face,
Two goggle-eyes, ſo clear, tho' very dead,
That one may ſee, thro' them, quite thro' his head.
Let every nod of his, and ſubtile wink,
Declare the fool would talk, but cannot think.
Let him all other fools ſo far ſurpaſs,
That fools themſelves point at him for an aſs.
Next all his implements of folly draw.
His iv'ry-ſtaff, his ſnuff-box and * TATTA,
That pretty babe that makes his lordſhip glad;
And all the company beſides ſo ſad;
She who in ſtate is brought, to ſmooth his brow,
When he has rul'd the roaſt, the Lord knows how.
For tho' to us he's ſtately like a king,
He'll joke and droll with her like any thing.
Paint at the door, attending night and noon,
Povey the wit, and R--- the beau Garçon.
Who at his entering ſhews a foot of chin,
To let you know his face is coming in:
Behind him let advance, in fear and choller,
Tit----s the Jew, the pedant, and no ſcholar.
Who for bold ſilly jeſts, is ſo renown'd;
Then ſhut the door, and let 'em all clinch round,
For that's their proper talent; tho' our fate
Has made them woeful miniſters of ſtate.

* His Daughter.

UPON THE INSTALMENT OF SIR THOMAS OS----N, AND THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

ALL who had hopes it e'er might be their fate,
To have preferment in the church or ſtate,
At Windſor were commanded to appear,
To ſee an object ſtrange, was ſhewing there.
Coach-fulls of fools went thither great and ſmall,
Five lords, ſix biſhops, and the B---es all:
Backwell and Vyner, with the merry crew,
Of all the bankers, and the voters too;
Beſides a throng of ladies, that did preſs
To pay their duty to the treaſureſs:
Who, tho' my lord, to govern things may boaſt,
Does with her honour's prudence rule the roaſt,
Both he, and ſhe, are perſons of fine parts,
And have peculiar ways of gaining hearts.
Firſt he brings always with him a ſweet ſavour;
To win the courtier's love, and courtier's favour;
Then ſhe puts on a fore-head-cloath to pleaſe
The city and the godly folk, ſhe ſays:
And ſo with eaſe, and without coſt, or pother,
They get a world of friends one way, or other.
For they were worſe than devils, could oppoſe
Such taking charms, both of the eyes and noſe.
Each writer there, was fitted for his ſtation
Babb's for deep ſenſe, Trerice for converſation,
And Lauderdale to gratify the nation.
Progers did repreſent iniquity.
And that old cuckold F---it you might ſee
Kiſſing's fore-finger for civility.

And

And whiſtling gravely to himſelf a ſong,
He has been practiſing, God knows how long!
This being adjuſted, on they all did prance,
Throwing their arms out *a-la-mode de France:*
Which made men ſtare, and put them to a ſtand,
Every one crying by my troth, 'tis grand;
St. George himſelf came in upon this ſummons,
Dreſt like a member of the houſe of commons;
With a plain ſuit, plain belt, plain band and ſtaff,
And ready ſtill from looking grave, to laugh,
For theſe brave houſe of commons men we ſee,
Do all both Polls and Drolls affect to be.
More to reſemble them, his look was proud,
His gate fantaſtick; and he aſk'd aloud
Of all he met with, what means all this croud?
One of the ſtanders by reply'd----they ſay,
Two pale knights are to be inſtall'd to-day.
Strait Albemarle advanc'd with Lauderdale,
Methinks then, quoth St. *George*, theſe are not pale;
They look as if they had been taking bumpers,
Yes ſaid the other, theſe two knights are thumpers.
Who for their bulk were choſe, with much ado,
To grace the thinneſs of the other two.
Well, cries St. George, let's ſee then who comes next?
It was New-Caſtle, who was much perplext,
Between the care of decently conveying,
And how to ſave half of his offering.
The brave St. George ſtrait knew he was an aſs,
Yet for his father's ſake, he let him paſs.

But whiſper'd thus in pale Sir Of--n ear,
Away thou worthleſs rogue, what mak'ſt thou here?
How dare you in this chapel keep a quarter,
With your blue lips, bluer than robes or garter?
Go, get a ſhroud to match your face and breath,
Be dreſt, as well as look and ſmell, like death.
'Twas that alone at firſt which nature meant,
Your loathſome carcaſs ſtill ſhould repreſent,
For ſo unlively, and ſo nauſeous too,
Is every thing you either ſay or do;
That even your baſe ingratitude does give,
The leaſt offenſive tokens, that you live.
You're ſuch a ſcurvy, ſtinking, errant knight,
That when you ſpeak, a man wou'd ſwear you ſh--:
Then in a trice he flew from thence and tore
His pert wife's croſlet off; who curſt and ſwore,
Bit her thin lips, and railed like any punk,
Whilſt pale Sir Of--n opened his—and ſtunk.

UPON THE MONUMENT.

HERE ſtand I,
The Lord knows why,
But if I fall,
Have at you all.

UPON

UPON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGES IN THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA,

A TRAGEDY WRITTEN BY MR. DRYDEN.

FOR as old Selin *was not mov'd by thee*
Neither will I by Selin's *daughter be.*
A pie, a pudding, a pudding a pie,
A pie for me, and a pudding for thee:
A pudding for me, and a pie for thee,
And a pudding-pie for thee and me.

A NOTION TAKEN OUT OF TULLY'S DIALOGUE, DE SENECTUTE.

IF all the Gods ſhould now a fancy take,
Some one of us a raw young blade to make;
Is there a ſlave, or lord, (for lords we ſee,
Nothing elſe now a-days, but ſlaves will be)
That wou'd not ſay, Gods! in your doom be ſteady.
I have been long enough a fool already.
Name but one feat of theirs ſo little vain,
We ſhould not bluſh to practiſe o'er again.
They are ſuch beaſtly rogues in all they do,
Their very vices are unmanly too.
Wou'd you be dully drunk? break open doors,
To kick a naſty bawd, or cuff poor whores?
Or all we meet with in the ſtreets abuſe,
As our brave anti-wits and great ones uſe?
Nay cou'd we yet do grander things than theſe,
Murther an harmleſs watchman on his knees;

Go

Go travel afterwards for more renown,
Come home again, cut capers up and down,
And then take Maſtricht, hard by Windſor Town.
Were not the worſt of death's a greater bliſs,
Than ſuch a vile, inſipid life as this?
There never was but one, yet ſot enough
Cou'd wiſh to live for ſuch baſe ſilly ſtuff.

THE PUMP-PARLIAMENT. A SATYR.

I.

CURSE on ſuch repreſentatives
That tell us all, our bairns and wives,
Quoth Dick, with indignation;
They're but an engine to raiſe tax,
And the whole buſineſs of their acts,
Is to undo the nation.

II.

Juſt like our rotten pump at home,
We pour in water when 'twon't come,
And that way get more out;
So when mine Hoſt does money lack,
He money gives among this pack,
And then it runs full ſpout.

III.

By wiſe folk I have oft been told,
Parl'ments grow nought as they grow old.
We groan'd under the rump,
But ſure this is a heavier curſe,
That ſucks and drains thus every purſe,
By this old Whitehall pump.

OPTIMUM

OPTIMUM QUOD EVENIT.

OR, AN EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE KING'S REPROACHING HIM WITH AN OVERSIGHT.

BY hidden ſprings man's ſmalleſt actions move,
Wound up by an unerring hand above,
Why ſay you then, that this or that's amiſs;
Since nothing cou'd be better than what is?

THE CABIN-BOY.

NAY he could ſail a yacht both nigh and large,
Knew how to trim a boat, and ſteer a barge:
Cou'd ſay his compaſs, to the nation's joy,
And ſwear as well as any cabin-boy.
But not one leſſon of the ruling art,
Cou'd this dull blockhead ever get by heart.
Look over all the univerſal frame,
There's not a thing the will of man can name,
In which this ugly, perjur'd rogue delights,
But Ducks, and loit'ring, butter'd buns, and Whites.

THE DUCKS.

WHILST in the ſtate all things look ſmooth and fair,
I'll dabble up and down, and take the air.
But at the firſt appearance of foul weather,
I and my ducks will quack away together.

VERSES

VERSES ON THE FOLLOWING TWO LINES OF MR. EDWARD HOWARD.

But Fame had ſent forth all her nimble ſpies,
To blaze this match, and lend to Fate ſome eyes.

BUT wherefore all this pother about fame?
A man might ſay, ſays one: the very ſame
Demand might well be made, another cries,
Of Fate; and how it got, from Fame, ſuch eyes?
'Tis well; you're witty perſons both, ſay I;
Yet to your wit this boldly I'll reply:
Fate is the twin of Chance, by which you find
Fate muſt needs ſee, except that Chance were blind:
For, among friends, 'twere inequality
To think one ſhou'd be blind, and t'other ſee.
Now tell me, criticks, do not all the wiſe
Profeſs that which they ſee, they ſee with eyes?
And the ſame figure do not I advance,
When I proteſt, I ſaw a thing by chance?
Since then ſo various things by chance we ſee,
Fate might have eyes to multiplicity;
But our mild author ſays, it has but ſome;
Thus, critick vile, thus I have ſtruck thee dumb:
And thus ſubſcribe myſelf, with heart, and hand,
The author's friend, moſt humble ſervant, and

BUCKINGHAM.

A CON-

A CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

His Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and father FITZGERALD, an Iriſh prieſt, whom King JAMES II. ſent to his Grace in his ſickneſs, to endeavour to pervert him to the popiſh perſuaſion.

FAITHFULLY TAKEN BY HIS SECRETARY.

Prieſt. MAY it pleaſe your grace, I come from his majeſty, who ſent me on purpoſe to wait on you.

Duke. I am exceedingly beholden to his majeſty for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his remembrance. Pray, Sir, take a chair. And what may your errand be?

Prieſt. His majeſty being informed of your grace's illneſs, and, as it becomes a prince who has a true regard for his ſubjects, compaſſionating the dangerous circumſtances you are in at preſent, commanded me to uſe my beſt endeavours to reclaim your grace from that heretical communion, 'tis now your unhappineſs to embrace, and reconcile you to the catholick church, out of which there is no ſalvation.

Duke.

Duke. I perceive, Sir, you're a prieſt. S---am, bring up a bottle of wine, and clean glaſſes----do you ſmoke, Sir?

Prieſt. An't pleaſe your grace, I did not come to drink, but---

Duke. Well, well, a glaſs now and then won't ſpoil converſation. But, do you ſay, Sir, there is no ſalvation to be had out of the pale of the catholick church.

Prieſt. 'Tis not my private opinion, all the great doctors of our church maintain it.

Duke. And by this catholick church, you mean the church of Rome, don't you?

Prieſt. I do.

Duke. Why then, father, I am afraid you'll find it a hard matter to bring me to have a good opinion of her. *(Enter boy with the bottle and glaſſes.)* Set them down before us, and get you gone. Come, father, here's to his majeſty's good health.

Prieſt. I humbly thank your grace, but you have fill'd me too unmercifully, I can never----

Duke. Never take off ſuch a trifle? you are no prieſt then. Come, I'll engage it never indiſpoſes you. What wou'd the king ſay to you, ſhould he know you refus'd his health?

Prieſt. Well then I ſubmit: his majeſty's health, *(Drinks off his glaſs.)* And your grace's commands muſt never be diſputed.

Duke. But all this while, father, you take no *(playing with the cork)* notice of my fine gelding here. Do but obſerve his exquiſite ſhape: what a fine turn'd neck is there? his eyes, how lively and

full? his pace, how majeſtick and noble? I'll lay a hundred guineas, there's nothing in Newmarket can compare with him.

Prieſt. An't pleaſe your grace, I ſee no horſe.

Duke. Why, don't you ſee me play with his mane, ſtroke him under the belly, clap his buttocks, and manage him as I pleaſe?

Prieſt. Either your grace is merrily diſpoſed, or elſe your illneſs has had a very unlucky effect upon your grace's imagination. Upon my ſincerity I ſee nothing but a cork in your hands.

Duke. How! my horſe dwindled into a fooliſh piece of cork? Come, father, this is very unkindly done of you, to turn the fineſt gelding in Europe, whoſe ſire was a true Arab, and had a better genealogy to ſhow than the beſt gentleman in Wales or Scotland can pretend to: nay, whoſe illuſtrious anceſtors have had the honour to carry ſeveral Sultans of Babylon, Caliphs of Egypt, Grand Signiors of Conſtantinople, and Xeriffs of Morocco upon their backs; to turn, I ſay, a creature ſo well deſcended into an idle cork.------ It ſurprizes me, it puts me into confuſion, I can't tell what to ſay or do; therefore at my requeſt once more obſerve him more carefully, and tell me your opinion.

Prieſt. Not to flatter then this melancholy humour in your grace, which may but ſerve to confirm and rivet it the more in you, I muſt roundly and fairly tell your grace, that 'tis a cork, and nothing but a cork.

Duke. 'Tis hard, that a perſon of my quality's word won't be taken in ſuch a matter, where I have

have not the leaſt proſpect of getting a farthing by impoſing upon you. But, father, how do you make good your aſſertion? I ſay ſtill 'tis a horſe, you tell me 'tis a cork; how ſhall this difference be made up between us?

Prieſt. Very eaſily; for inſtance, I firſt examine it *(taking the cork from the Duke)* by my ſmell, and that tells me 'tis cork. I next conſult my ſight, and that affirms the ſame: then I judge it by my taſte, and ſtill 'tis cork. In ſhort, my touch aſſures me 'tis cork, and my ears, that have heard the deſcription of this bark a hundred times, concur in the ſame ſtory. 'Tis impoſſible, that all my ſenſes ſhould be banter'd and cheated in an affair of this nature, and they are the proper judges to appeal to upon ſuch occaſions.

Duke. Nay, ſince you are ſo poſitive, father, I won't conteſt the matter with you, but e'en let it be a cork. The fumes ariſing from my illneſs, (which I thank you for not flattering) I perceive, had ſomewhat diſordered me: but now they are blown over, and I ſee as plain as a pike ſtaff that 'tis nothing but a cork.----So now, father, if you pleaſe, to the buſineſs in hand.

Prieſt. I preſume your grace believes the Trinity.

Duke. Hark you, father, before you proceed a ſtep farther; thou'rt plaguily miſtaken, if thou think'ſt to make the Trinity a ſtepping ſtone to tranſubſtantiation. I thought you came to reconcile me to thoſe points about which the two churches differ; and not to ſpend your breath, to no purpoſe, upon a ſubject wherein we are agreed.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Be it ſo then, and ſince your grace has mention'd tranſubſtantiation, we'll enter into the merits of that controverſy. I need not remind your grace, that no article of our holy religion is ſo expreſsly laid down in ſcripture as that: for what can be plainer than, *Hoc eſt corpus meum?*

Duke. But under favour, father, 'tis not ſo plain as you imagine. 'Tis certain the primitive chriſtians believed nothing of the matter, nor ever dreamt of a corporal preſence: for what tragical work would Lucian, Porphyry, Celſus, and the other learned adverſaries of chriſtianity, have made with the chriſtian apologiſts, who uſed to charge the pagans with the barbarity of their human ſacrifices, expoſe the *foible* of their deities, and droll upon old Saturn, for devouring his own children, had tranſubſtantiation been the avowed belief of thoſe primitive times? how wou'd they have inſulted the chriſtians, and turn'd off the edge of this recrimination from themſelves? could they have taxed the chriſtians with that moſt monſtrous, moſt abſurd, and moſt barbarous principle of eating the very God that made and redeem'd them?

Prieſt. However, this article, as abſurd and monſtrous as your grace repreſents it, has the countenance of fathers and œcumenical councils, and has been aſſerted by all the celebrated doctors of the Greek and Latin church; not to mention a conſtant ſeries of miracles, that have ſupported it ever ſince the inſtitution of our religion.

Duke. As for your fathers and councils, I value them not a farthing. They were men as well as

we, and conſequently as liable to miſtakes. Beſides, I muſt tell you plainly, 'tis not fair to mention them out of a library, where you may immediately be ſatisfied whether the quotation is honeſt, or to any other but ſuch who have carefully read them over in the originals; whereas, 'tis common with you prieſts, to make a great pother about them to tradeſmen, and ſea-men. 'Tis plain, the fathers, and councils were never intended to be the regulators of our faith; for three parts in four of mankind have neither capacity nor leiſure to read them; and, of thoſe few that do, fewer underſtand them, and even thoſe that pretend to underſtand them are at endleſs wars, whether they are genuine or no, and make no ſcruple to reject them when they don't ſerve their turn.

Prieſt. To let your grace ſee I am a fair adverſary, I will at preſent lay aſide both fathers and councils, and appeal even to your own tranſlation of the bible, where, at the inſtitution of this myſterious ſacrament, our Saviour expreſsly tells his diſciples, *This is my body.*

Duke. So he tells them in the ſame book, *I am the door, and I am the vine*; and yet I never heard that any ſet of men, or any particular man, was ever ſo frantick as to maintain, that he was either a door, or a vine, tho' they have as plain a text to countenance it as you have for tranſubſtantiation. All theſe are figurative expreſſions, ſuch as daily occur in common converſation, and none but fools out of ignorance, or knaves out of intereſt, interpret them in the literal ſenſe.-----But to diſmiſs

this

this digreſſion, prithee tell me, honeſt father, whether, at the celebration of the laſt ſupper, our Saviour gave himſelf to be verily and really eaten by his diſciples?

Prieſt. No doubt on't; for what ſays St. Auſtin upon this occaſion? *Chriſtus portavit ſeipſum manibus ſuis.*

Duke. If that father was ſuch a coxcomb as to expreſs himſelf ſo fooliſhly, what's that to me?--- Well then, if our Saviour was really eaten by his diſciples at that ſupper, it follows of courſe, that he was really dead, and that he ſuffered death, and was made an oblation for the ſins of mankind, before he offered himſelf a victim to the juſtice of his father upon the croſs, which I ſuppoſe you will hardly maintain.

Prieſt. May it pleaſe your grace, theſe are myſteries, imparted to us by divine revelation, which we are with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to believe, tho' they ſhock our reaſon and ſenſes never ſo much.

Duke. I ſee, father, I muſt refreſh your memory with this piece of cork, which I poſitively affirm once more to be a horſe: juſt now you would be governed by the ſenſes, in thoſe matters that properly belong to their tribunal, but now you diſown the juriſdiction of the court, which is not honeſtly done.

Prieſt. But in matters of faith.-----

Duke. And what of all that? No man ſhall ever perſuade me to believe againſt the plain conviction of my ſenſes-----Here's a conſecrated wafer; you tell me 'tis God Almighty: I ſay 'tis a piece of bread, and nothing elſe. If I examine it by my

taſte, 'tis bread, if by my ſmell, ſight and touch, 'tis bread ſtill. Now why, for the ſake of a dubious phraſe, which is agreeable to ſenſe and reaſon when underſtood metaphorically, but involves a million of contradictions and abſurdities when literally, ſhould I ſet up a moſt monſtrous and impious doctrine, in downright oppoſition to common ſenſe and reaſon, to the end of our Saviour's ſuffering upon the croſs, which was to be performed but once, and not daily, as you aſſert in ten thouſand different places, and laſtly, to the majeſty of the divine eſſence.

Prieſt. My Lord Duke, you muſt humble your reaſon to reconcile yourſelf to this holy myſtery, which even the angels themſelves don't comprehend.

Duke. Our Saviour, when he firſt inſtituted his religion, wrought ſeveral miracles before the people, by which he appealed to their ſenſes, ſo 'tis plain, that he thought 'em the proper judges of miracles. When you have a *Mahometan* or *Pagan* to convert, you tell him of theſe ſame miracles, and that they could proceed from nothing but a divine power, and ſo you get him into your church; but as ſoon as you have got him there, you preach up quite contrary doctrine; and tell him he muſt renounce his reaſon and ſenſes, under pain of damnation. Thus you ſubtilly appeal to his ſenſes, to wheedle him into St. Peter's net; but when you have him ſafe there, he muſt truſt to them no longer: nay, he muſt lay them aſide as enemies to the catholick truth.

Prieſt. As abſurd as your Grace looks upon this

doctrine to be, 'tis believed by the majority of the chriſtian world.

Duke. That's worſe and worſe ſtill; in all ages and nations of the world, error ever drew more proſelytes after it than the truth-------But not to combat ſo inhuman as well as nonſenſical a tenet any longer, I'll tell you a ſhort ſtory. When I was ſent ambaſſador from the late king to Paris, in the year 1670, I took over with me a young blackamore boy, who could juſt make a ſhift to be underſtood in Engliſh; and this boy, one holy-day morning, went along with ſome of my gentlemen to ſee the curioſities of ſo remarkable a city, and all of them at laſt went into Notre-dame church, as the prieſt was celebrating maſs, at the high maſs. The lad was perfectly ſurprized at their rich habits, and fine muſick; and when the prieſt came to the elevation, he aſked one of my gentlemen, what that white thing was which the man in the party-coloured coat held up in his fingers? Why, (replies he) theſe people believe it to be God Almighty. Not long after, at a ſide-altar, he ſaw a prieſt giving the wafer to a parcel of people upon their knees, and putting it into their mouths. What, (cries he to the gentleman) do they eat their God after they have ſo ſolemnly worſhipped him? Yes, anſwers he, this is their belief. The boy was ſo ſtrangely confounded at what he had obſerved, that he ſpoke not a ſyllable when he came home; but was moping and muſing by himſelf. I could not but take notice of this alteration in him at dinner. So Tom, ſays I to him, what's the matter with thee? if thou'rt ill,

go down to the houſe-keeper: No, cries he, I am not ſick; but I have ſeen a very odd ſight this morning, which I can't help thinking on. I ſaw a man in fine cloaths ſhow the people God, and they fell upon their knees, and beat their breaſts; and afterwards I ſaw this man put God into their mouths, and they ſwallowed him. Well, ſays I, and where's the harm of that, Tom? I don't know, ſays the boy, why they ſhould eat God, ſince he does us no harm; but, if they have the ſame power over the Devil, I wiſh we had a hundred or two of theſe fine men in our country, to eat the Devil for us; for we cannot reſt for him a-nights, he pinches us in the arms, ſours our palm-wine, ſpoils our victuals, and is ſo plaugy miſchievous, he and his young cubs, that we ſhould be glad to get rid of him at any rate. And this reflection a poor ignorant lad juſt come from Guinea made of himſelf.

Prieſt. I am ſorry to ſee your grace in a diſpoſition ſo unfit to receive thoſe ſublime truths; but, pray, let me aſk you one ſober queſtion, is it not ſafer, as well as more diſcreet, to fly into the arms of a church that is infallible, than be guided by a wandering meteor, by an *ignis fatuus?* for I never heard the gentlemen of your communion pretend to be exempt from error.

Duke. That ſhows their modeſty, and I promiſe you, father, to reply to you more particularly to this point, when your doctors have agreed where to lodge their infallibility. In the mean time, 'tis not worth your while to talk of it; for I ſhall lead you ſuch a wild-gooſe chace from general councils

to the conclave, and from thence to the cathedra, and ſo back again, in an everlaſting circle, that you'll ſoon be weary of the labyrinth.

Prieſt. Well, then, your grace cannot but own, that we are the only church that are poſſeſſed of the ſacred treaſure of miracles; and theſe are ſuch evident deſtonſtrations of----

Duke. Well, father, ſince we have fallen again, I don't know how, upon the chapter of miracles, I will take care to entertain you with one that happened but laſt winter in Northumberland, and comes confirmed from ſo many hands, both catholick and proteſtant, that he muſt be a very rank infidel indeed, who dares diſpute the credibility of it. But, as I have one of the moſt treacherous memories in the world, I won't pretend to relate it to you myſelf, but one of my ſervants ſhall do it---Here; *(to one of his gentlemen coming into the room)* go bid long John come to me immediately.

Prieſt. Your grace may ſave yourſelf that trouble, if you pleaſe, for I am as well ſatisfied as if I had heard it.

Duke. Nay, you're no prieſt for my money if you refuſe to hear a miracle, and, what is more, a catholick miracle. *(long John enters)* Come, John, you muſt oblige this worthy gentleman here, who is come upon no leſs errand than the ſalvation of your maſter's ſoul, with the relation of that famous miracle that happened laſt winter in Northumberland.

John. Your grace had always a right to command me. Why, then, Sir, you are to underſtand, that within two miles of my Lord Widdrington's

drington's houſe, in the above-mentioned county, there is a ſmall village (I am ſorry I have forgot its name, but I hope I ſhall recover it anon) which wholly belongs to his lordſhip; by the ſame token moſt of the inhabitants, in complaiſance, I ſuppoſe, to their landlord, are Roman Catholicks.

Duke. Very well, proceed.

John. An ancient woman of this village was accidentally ſitting at her door, about three in the afternoon, when my lord's prieſt happened to brush by her. She immediately ran after him, and told him, dear father, you muſt never think of going to his lordſhip to-night, the ways are ſlippery, and full of ſloughs, the days are ſhort, and you'll certainly be benighted before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what would become of you, ſhould you loſe the road, or fall into a ditch; therefore let me perſuade you to accept of a ſorry ſupper and lodging at my houſe; I am ſure my Lord will not be offended with you, and to-morrow you'll have the whole day before you.

Duke. And what reply made the prieſt to all this?

John. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he conſidered 'twould be his wiſeſt way to take up his quarters that night at the old woman's; ſo he followed her to her houſe, ſhe led him into a pretty ſnug warm parlour, made him a fire noſe-high, then going into the yard, ſlew a barn-door fowl with her own hands, claped it on the ſpit, and, when 'twas ready, neatly diſhed up with

with egg-ſauce; and who ſo chearful as ſhe and the prieſt over their ſupper?

Duke. 'Twas well done.

John. Reſolving to give ſo worthy a gueſt the beſt entertainment her houſe afforded, after ſupper ſhe preſented him with a diſh of nuts of her own gathering, and then thwacked his Guts with apples and ale, and was very liberal of her nutmeg and ſugar. Thus they paſſed away the hours merrily: At laſt bed-time approached. Our good old landlady ſhewed the father the chamber he was to lie in, wiſhed him a happy night, and departed; but being a curious woman, as moſt of the ſex are poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of curioſity, ſhe peeped through the key-hole, to ſee how the prieſt managed matters by himſelf.

Prieſt. Honeſt friend, you may drop your miracle here, if you pleaſe, I'll hear no more on't---

Duke. Father, your zeal has got the heels of your diſcretion. Upon my word, here's no trap laid for a bawdy jeſt; nothing, in ſhort, but what her majeſty and maids of honour may hear.

John. To her infinite ſurprize and admiration, ſhe ſaw him jump, ſtark naked as ever he was born, not into the ſheets, tho' they ſmelt moſt deliciouſly of lavendar and roſes, but into the blankets. Down ſtairs ſhe hurries, full of grief and confuſion, which would not let her wink all night; "And lord, cries ſhe, what a wicked "age is this we live in? how cold and uncha-"ritable, when a perſon of ſuch merit and learn-"ing, who has reſided, too, ſo long in the fa-"mily,

" mily, has not a ſhirt to put on his back? I " could never have thought my lord ſo niggard- " ly." Theſe afflicting thoughts, wholly occaſioned by her zeal for religion and the profeſſors of it, made that impreſſion upon her, that ſhe did not enjoy a minute's repoſe that night. Early ſhe gets up next morning, and meaſured out ſix ells of the fineſt flaxen linen ſhe had, which was of her own ſpinning. Preſently down comes the father into the parlour; ſhe inquires of him how he paſt the night, and was raviſhed with joy to hear he had ſlept ſo well. After this, comes in a thundering toaſt, with a full tankard of humming ſtale beer. The prieſt and ſhe ſoon ended it between them; and now ſhe had courage enough to tell him what ſhe had obſerved the night before. Father, ſays ſhe, I beg your pardon for being ſo impudent as to peep through the key-hole laſt night; and truly I was griev'd to the heart, to ſee that a gentleman of your education and great parts ſhould be without a ſhirt: come, never bluſh for the matter, I know 'tis ſo; but here are ſix ells of my beſt linen, which will make you two very good ſhirts, and I humbly deſire you to accept of them.

Duke. Why, father, here's the quinteſſence of true chriſtianity for you.

John. Well, daughter, replies he, I accept of your preſent in good part, (for prieſts and lawyers are ſeldom guilty of refunding) not that I ſhall have any occaſion of making uſe of it myſelf; for you muſt underſtand, I belong to an order which obliges us to wear woollen next our ſkin, but it may

may ſerve to make towels for the altar, and the like, and therefore I will take it with me: then ordering the good woman to kneel, he gave her his benediction, and prayed, that, whatever ſhe began to do after he was gone, ſhe might continue a-doing till ſun-ſetting.

Duke. And what happened upon that?

John. Our landlady, little imagining that a miracle was entailed upon the father's bleſſing, very innocently fell to meaſure the ſmall remainder of linnen ſhe had left, when to her great aſtoniſhment, and that of her family, ſhe continued in this poſture till the ſun was ſet, and got ſuch a prodigious quantity of linen by this means, that next week ſhe was able to buy out her leaſe, and is now the topping dame of the pariſh.

Duke. What think you now, father, of long John's ſtory.

John. This miracle in a moment run thro' the four northern counties; every village and hamlet rung of it; nay, it croſſed the Tweed, and filled the ears of the unbelieving Scots. The prieſt, wherever he came, was worſhipped and reſpected like a little divinity, and the woman was magnified by all as a true pattern of primitive zeal, piety and charity, ſince heaven had been at the pains to reward her in ſo extraordinary a manner.

Prieſt. Honeſt friend, let me deſire you to be as conciſe as you can, for, in plain truth, I am weary of your ſtory already.

John. At the lower end of this village (where the above mentioned miraculous ſcene happened) lived another old woman, a catholic likewiſe by perſuaſion,

perſuaſion, who, hoping to gain as much by her godlineſs as her neighbour had done before her, looked out as ſharply for the father, as a Yorkſhire Attorney does for a purſe-proud litigious client. At laſt to her mighty ſatisfaction ſhe ſees him go by her door; immediately ſhe trots after him, tells him of the depth of the ways, and the great danger he run of being loſt, deſires him to conſult his own ſafety, and not expoſe himſelf to thoſe caſualties which he might ſo reaſonably expect from the badneſs of the ways, and the darkneſs of the nights. With theſe plauſible inſinuations ſhe wheedles the prieſt into her houſe, and to ſecure him entirely to her intereſt, treats him with a ſhoulder of mutton and a couple of capons for ſupper.

Duke. She took the right courſe to gain her point, I muſt needs own? for ever while you live, father, tickle a prieſt and a woman by the belly, if you intend to make them yours.

John. When the table-cloth was taken away, our cunning hypocrite, who was reſolved to outdo her neighbour's entertainment in her proviſions; accordingly, brings in a double bottle of metheglin, fills a bumper, and begins proſperity to the catholic religion. She tells the father, that a judicious perſon lately told her, that a cardinal was coming from Rome, who was to make his public appearance in Cheapſide, in cloth of beaten ſilver and gold, marry was he, and that he was to convert the whole nation, and then, father, (ſays ſhe) we ſhall ſee happy times. The honeſt prieſt was ſo taken up with his pot and pipe,

that

that he neither oppoſed, nor ſeemed to approve her diſcourſe. In this manner they drank and prattled till the liquor found a way into their pericraniums; they could hardly ſee one another. The prieſt, unable to hold up his head any longer, deſired to be conducted to the room where he was to lie that night; the old woman, with much ado, gets him up ſtairs, leads him to his bed, wiſhes him a thouſand good-nights, and ſo leaves him with a truſty jug of ale by his bed-ſide, that if he waked in the night, he might have ſomething to refreſh his conſcience and thirſt at once.

Duke. Well ſaid, John.

John. By that time the prieſt had rigged himſelf and was come down into the parlour, our antient matron had toſſed up a nice breakfaſt, out of the remainder of the capons, which, being highly ſeaſoned, proved a very effectual ſhoeing-horn for the other bumper. And now, with tears in her eyes, ſhe began the ſame ſtory as her neighbour had done, lamenting the horrid ingratitude of the times, that ſo learned and devout a man as he ſhould want a ſhirt; to prevent which for the future, as far as it lay within her ſmall capacity, ſhe made bold to make him a ſmall preſent of a dozen ells of her beſt linen cloth.

Prieſt. You'll never have done, I'm afraid.

John. The prieſt, who was not conjurer enough to dive into the bottom of her heart, to know whether ſhe was guided by any mercenary by-ends, or whether her intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble preſent ſhe had made him,

him, and folding it up under his great coat, bid her kneel down, and laying his ſacerdotal fiſt upon her head, he gave her his bleſſing; and prayed, that whatever this good woman began to do after he was gone, ſhe might continue a-doing till ſun-ſetting.

Duke. And what fell out upon this?

John. The father was no ſooner got over the threſhold, but our matron, who had laid all her tackle in readineſs, was going to meaſure the remainder of her linen; but then conſidering, upon ſecond thoughts, what a large morning-draught ſhe had taken with the prieſt, and being a wiſe prudent woman into the bargain, ſhe thought it would be convenient to make a little water before ſhe fell to her work. She did ſo, and continued in mingent circumſtances from the morning till night, evacuating ſo plentiful a ſtream, that ſhe in a manner occaſioned a ſecond deluge. In ſhort, all the low-lands in Northumberland ſuffered by it; twenty-four mills, upon ſtrict examination, were found to be overwhelmed by this ſudden inundation, beſides cottages and hay-ricks numberleſs. This old woman, conſcious of her own deceit and hypocriſy, has not dared to ſhow her head among her neighbours ſince this fatal accident. All true catholics rejoice at the juſt diſpenſation of heaven's favours, and ſo my ſtory concludes.

Duke. Come, John, there's ſomething to make you amends for the pains you have taken. (John *bows, and quits the room.*) Well, father, what's your opinion now of this miracle.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Out of reſpect to your grace, I was content to ſit out the whole ſtory; though I gueſſed at firſt whereabouts it would end. But ſince your grace is pleaſed to demand my opinion, all I can ſay in the matter is, that it was contrived on purpoſe to make us poor ſuffering catholicks ridiculous to the people.

Duke. Alas! poor ſufferers, in troth I pity you. However, father, I dare lay a ſmall wager with you, that where your church has ſuffered once, ſhe has made the reformed ſuffer a hundred times. I need not deſcend to particulars, every country in Europe being able to bear teſtimony to this truth.

Prieſt. I find, then, I can expect to make no proſelyte of your grace.

Duke. Be aſſured, that neither you, nor any of your cloth will ever gain that point upon me---- I tell thee, father, frankly and freely, that were there no idolatry, nor ſuperſtition, nor cheating practiſed by thy church, as I am ſure there is, I would have nothing to do with her, while ſhe damns all that are not within her own pale, which is almoſt three parts in four of the globe. A church without charity, the diſtinguiſhing character of our religion, for all ſhe glitters with jewels and gold, is no chucrh for me, I promiſe you.

Prieſt. Though I have been unſucceſsful in my well-meant endeavours, yet I ſhall always continue to pray for your grace's converſion.

Duke. As for that, do as you pleaſe, it ſignifies nothing; but fail not to commend me to their majeſties, and tell them, that though I cannot bring

bring myſelf to be of their perſuaſion, yet they have not a more dutiful ſubject in their three dominions than I am.

After a few compliments, his grace and the prieſt parted.

The End of the Conference.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

A SHORT DISCOURSE UPON THE REASONABLENESS OF MENS HAVING A RELIGION OR WORSHIP OF GOD.

To the READER.

WHEN I began to write upon this ſubject, it was out of curioſity; I had a mind to try what I could ſay in reaſon againſt the bold aſſertions of thoſe men, who think it a witty thing to defame religion: and I have ſeen ſo few writings of late which are not very tedious, that I was deſirous at leaſt to avoid that fault in this, by making it as ſhort as I could.

The reaſon why I have ſuffered it to be printed is, indeed, becauſe I could not help it; copies having been taken of it, and ſent to the preſs, by the negligence of ſome to whom I lent it to read. I was as much aſhamed to forbid the printing of it, as I ſhould have been to have ordered it, or as I ſhould be now it is printed to diſown what I have written; and therefore I have here ſet my name to it.

By the nature of this diſcourſe, I was forced to conclude with an opinion which I have been long convinced,

convinced, That nothing can be more anti-chriſtian, nor more contrary to ſenſe and reaſon, than to trouble and moleſt our fellow chriſtians, becauſe they cannot be exactly of our minds in all the things relating to the worſhip of God.

And who will but examine what multitudes of men there are now among us of different perſuaſions in religion, and how inconſiderable any one part of them is, compared to the reſt, muſt, I am confident, be convinced that the practice of it at this time would be of no advantage to the public.

If a ſerious conſideration of the preſent ſtate of this kingdom can ſink deep enough into mens hearts to make them endeavour how to promote a true liberty of conſcience, I ſhall yet hope to enjoy happy days in England; but otherwiſe, without pretending to be a prophet, I can eaſily foreſee that the contrary muſt of neceſſity terminate in this, a general diſcontent, the diſpeopling of our poor country, and the expoſing it to the conqueſt of a foreign nation.

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER

LETTER I.

ADDRESSED TO NEVIL PAINE, ESQ.

THERE is nothing that gives men a greater diſſatisfaction, than to find themſelves diſappointed in their expectations, eſpecially of thoſe things, in the having or not having of which they themſelves are moſt concerned. And therefore, all that go about to give demonſtrations in matters of religion, and fail in the attempt, do not only leave men leſs devout than they were before, but alſo with great pains and induſtry lay in their minds the grounds and foundation of atheiſm; for the generality of mankind, either out of lazineſs, or diffidence of their being able to judge aright, in points that are not very clear, are apt rather to take things upon truſt, than to give themſelves the trouble to examine whether they be true or no; but, when they find what a man undertakes to give them for a demonſtration is really none at all, they do not only conclude that they are deceived by him, but begin to ſuſpect they have been ill-uſed by thoſe who firſt impoſed upon them a notion, for which perhaps no demonſtration can be given, and from this ſuſpicion they run to another of a more dangerous conſequence, that what is not demonſtrable, may alſo not be true.

I ſhall therefore, in this ſhort eſſay, make uſe of another method; and content myſelf with endeavouring to ſhew, what, in my opinion, is moſt propable; demonſtration being as to matters of

faith abſolutely unneceſſary, becauſe if I can convince a man, that the notions I maintain are more likely to be true, than falſe, it is not in his power not to believe 'em; no man believing any thing becauſe he has a mind to believe it, but becauſe his judgement is convinced, and he cannot chuſe but believe it whether he will or no; and belief is all that is required of us in the ſpeculative part of religion: beſides, demonſtration being ſuch an evidence of a thing as ſhews the contrary of it to be impoſſible, it is, if you mark it, a pretty whimſical kind of expreſſion, to ſay, that a man does but believe a thing to be ſo, which he is ſure cannot poſſibly be otherways; 'tis juſt as ingenious as if one ſhould profeſs, that he hopes he ſhall but begin to have a thing to-morrow, which he is already this day in poſſeſſion of, belief and faith being as entirely ſwallowed up in demonſtration, as hope is in fruition. My deſign, in this eſſay, is to induce men to a belief of religion by the ſtrength of reaſon, and therefore I am forced to lay aſide all arguments which have any dependence upon the authority of ſcripture; and muſt faſhion my diſcourſe, as if I had to do with thoſe that have no religion at all,

The firſt main queſtion, upon the clearing of which I ſhall endeavour to ground the reaſonableneſs of mens having a religion, or worſhip of God, is this: whether the world has ordered itſelf to be as it now is, or was contrived to be ſo by ſome other being of a more perfect, and more deſigning nature? for whether or no the world has been created out of nothing, is not material to our purpoſe; becauſe if a ſupreme intelligent agent has

has framed the world to be what it is, and has made us to be what we are, we ought as much to ſtand in awe of it, as if it had made both us and the world out of nothing: yet becauſe this latter queſtion ought not to be totally paſſed by, I ſhall take the liberty to offer ſome conceptions of mine upon it. The chief argument uſed againſt God Almighty's having created the world is, that no man can imagine how a thing ſhould be made out of nothing, and for that reaſon it is impoſſible he ſhould have made the world, becauſe there is nothing elſe out of which it could be made.

Firſt, Then, I cannot chuſe but obſerve, that to ſay, becauſe we are not able to imagine how a thing ſhould be, therefore the being of that thing muſt be impoſſible, is in itſelf a diſingenuous way of argumentation, eſpecially in thoſe who at the ſame time declare they believe this world to be eternal, and yet are as little able to comprehend how it ſhould be eternal, as how it ſhould be made out of nothing.

In the next place, I conceive, that nothing can be properly ſaid to endure any longer than it remains juſt the ſame; for in the inſtant any part of it is changed, that thing as it was before is no more in being. In the third place, that every part of this world we live in is changed every moment, and by conſequence that this whole world is ſo too; becauſe the whole is nothing elſe but what is compoſed of every part, and that therefore we cannot properly ſay, that this world has continued for many ages, but only that all things

in this world have been changed for ſeveral years together.

To evade which opinion, thoſe, who maintain the eternity of the world, are forced to ſay, that the matter of it is not changed, but the accidents only, tho' this be a ſort of argument, which they will not allow of in others; for when it is by Papiſts urged, in defence of tranſubſtantiation in the ſacrament, that the accidents of the wafer remain, though the ſubſtance of it be changed, they reject that as a ridiculous notion; and yet it is not one jot more abſurd to ſay, that the accidents remain when the matter is changed, than that the matter remains when the accidents are changed: Nay, of the two, the aſſerters of this latter opinion are the leaſt excuſable; becauſe they boldly attribute it to a natural cauſe, whereas the Papiſts have the modeſty, at leaſt, to own it for a miracle.

But that the weakneſs of this imagination of ſeparating accidents from bodies may the plainer appear, let us examine a little what the meaning of the word accident is. Accident then does not ſignify a being diſtinct from body or matter; but it is only a word whereby we expreſs the ſeveral ways we conſider of what we find in a body or matter that is before us: for example, if we perceive a body to have length, then we conſider that length as an accident of that body, and when we perceive a body to have a ſmell or taſte, then we conſider that ſmell and that taſte as accidents of that body; but in none of theſe conſiderations do

we

we mean, that any thing can have length, ſmell, or taſte, but what really is a body; and when any thing, that had a ſmell or taſte, has left off to have a ſmell or taſte, it is becauſe that part of it, which had a ſmell or taſte, is no more in it; ſo that upon a nice examination of the whole matter I am apt to believe this will appear to be the caſe; that there can be no changing of accidents, but where there is a real change of bodies.

But to proceed a little further, the queſtion being, whether it be more probable, that this world, or that God Almighty has been from all eternity? I think I may venture to affirm, that of two propoſitions the leaſt probable is that which comes neareſt to a contradiction; now nothing can come nearer to a contradiction, than that the ſame being ſhould be the ſame for ever, and yet continually changed, or not abiding the ſame one moment, and therefore I conclude it is leſs probable, that this changeable world ſhould have been from all eternity, than that ſome other being of more excellence, and greater perfection ſhould be ſo, whoſe very nature is incapable of change.

That being, out of more excellence and greater perfection, I call *God*, and thoſe who out of a fooliſh averſion they have for the name of *God* will call it *nature*, do not in any kind differ from the notion of that being, but only change its name, and rather ſhow they have a vain miſtaken ambition of being thought Atheiſts, than that they have any reaſon ſtrong enough to convince them to be ſo.

The next queſtion I ſhall take into conſideration is this, *Whether though there be a God, it is probable that he ſhould take a more particular care of mankind than he does of beaſts and other animals?* To which I have this to offer, that though there are ſeveral ſorts of animals which give us occaſion to imagine they have ſome kind of reaſon in them, though not to ſo great a perfection as men have, yet ſince no other animal did ever any one thing that could give us the leaſt cauſe to believe they have a conception of another world, or of a Deity; and that no man was ever yet born but had a conception, or at leaſt a ſuſpicion of it more or leſs.

I ſay, for this reaſon, it is as probable in my opinion, that there is a ſomething near a-kin to the nature of God in men than there is in any other animal whatſoever, and for that reaſon that God Almighty does take a more particular care of us than he does of them.

If then God be eternal, and it is probable there is ſomething in our nature which is a-kin to the nature of God, it is alſo probable that that part of us never dies.

It is alſo probable, that what by it we are prompted moſt to value and eſteem as the higheſt perfections, good qualities and virtues are parts of the eſſence and nature of God. Now of all good qualities or virtue it is juſtice which all men do moſt highly eſteem and value in others, though they have not all the good fortune to practiſe it themſelves. For juſtice is that good quality or virtue which cauſe all other good qualities or vir-

tues

tues to be eſteemed, in us it is that virtue, without which all other virtues become as vices, that is, they all come to be abhorred.

For he who wants juſtice, and has wit, judgment, or valour, will for the having wit, judgment, or valour, be the more abhorred, becauſe the more wit, judgment, or valour he has, if he wants juſtice, the more he will certainly become a wicked man; and he who wants juſtice, and has power, will for the having power be the more abhorred, becauſe the more power he has, if he wants juſtice, the more he will certainly become a wicked man; and therefore, in my opinion, it is a very unreaſonable thing for men, out of a deſign of extolling God Almighty's power, to rob him of juſtice, the quality, without which even power itſelf muſt neceſſarily be abandoned, and pray to God Almighty than to fancy that he ſhall puniſh us for doing that which he has from all eternity predeſtinated, that is, compelled us to do? It is an act that I can hardly believe there ever was a man yet born cruel enough to be guilty of, even in the depth of his revenge, and ſhall we make that attribute of the moſt Perfect and moſt High God, which is beneath the effect of the meaneſt of paſſions in the worſt of men? It is, in my opinion, more reaſonable to believe that God Almighty, out of his love to mankind, has given us an eternal ſoul, that an eternal being and free-will are things in this nature inſeparable one from the other, and that therefore, according to our actions, proceeding from our wills, God Almighty, in juſtice, will reward and puniſh us

in another world for the good and evil deeds we perform in this. I do not ſay that the beſt of our actions here are good enough to make us deſerve the utmoſt joys of heaven; we muſt owe that to God Almighty's grace and favour, as, indeed, we owe all things elſe, Neither will I take upon me to gueſs at the ſeveral degrees of joys there are in heaven; our dull ſenſe makes it impoſſible for a man blind to talk well of colours. Nor will I pretend to judge how long or much God Almighty will puniſh us hereafter, becauſe, for the ſame reaſon, that we think him to be a God of juſtice, we muſt alſo conclude him to be a God of mercy. This only, I do verily believe, that the more we love him the more he will love us, and the leſs we love him the worſe it will be for us.

Again, if this inſtinct or conception we have of a Deity be the ground of our religion, it ought alſo to be the guide of our religion, that is, if the ſtrongeſt reaſon we have to believe, that God Almighty does take a more particular care of us than he does of other animals, is, becauſe there is ſomething in our natures nearer a-kin to the nature of God than any thing that is in other animals. I ſay, in all reaſon, that part of us which is neareſt a-kin to the nature of God ought to be our guide and direction in chuſing the beſt way for our religious worſhip of God.

There is alſo this other conſequence, which in my opinion does naturally depend upon what has been ſaid, That one of the greateſt crimes a man can be guilty of, is to force us to act or ſin againſt that inſtinct of religion which God Almighty has placed

placed in our hearts; for if that inſtinct be ſomewhat a-kin to the nature of God, the ſinning againſt it muſt be ſomewhat a-kin to the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt.

If then it be probable that there is a God, and that this God will reward and puniſh us hereafter, for all the good and ill things which we act in this life, it does highly concern every man to examine ſeriouſly which is the beſt way of worſhipping and ſerving this God, that is, which is the beſt religion.

Now if it be probable, that the inſtinct which we have within us of a Deity, be a-kin to the nature of God, that religion is probably the beſt whoſe doctrine does moſt recommend to us thoſe things, which by that inſtinct, we are prompted to believe are virtues and good qualities; and that I think, without exceeding the bounds of modeſty, I may take upon me to affirm is the chriſtian religion; and for the ſame reaſon it does alſo follow, that the religion among chriſtians, which does moſt recommend to us virtue and a good life, is in all probability the beſt religion. And here I muſt leave every man to take pains in ſeeking out and chuſing for himſelf, he only being anſwerable to God Almighty for his own ſoul.

I began this diſcourſe, as if I had to do with thoſe who have no religion at all, and now addreſſing myſelf to chriſtians, I hope they will not be offended at me, for ending it with the words of our Saviour, *Aſk and it ſhall be given you, ſeek and you ſhall find, knock and it ſhall be opened unto you.*

I ſhall

I ſhall beg leave further, only to propoſe a few queſtions, to all thoſe in general who are pleaſed to call themſelves chriſtians.

Firſt, Whether there be any thing more directly oppoſite to the doctrine and practice of Jeſus Chriſt, than to uſe any kind of force upon men, in matters of religion? and conſequently, whether all thoſe that practice it (let them be of what ſect or church they pleaſe) ought not juſtly to be called Anti-chriſtians?

Secondly, Whether there can be any thing more unmanly, more barbarous, or more ridiculous, than to go about to convince a man's judgment by any thing but by reaſon? It is ſo ridiculous, that boys at ſchool are whipped for it, who inſtead of anſwering any argument with reaſon, are loggerheads enough to go to cuffs.

And *Thirdly*, Whether the practice of it has not always been ruinous and deſtructive to thoſe countries where it has been uſed, either in monarchies or commonwealths? And whether the contrary practice has not always been ſucceſsful to thoſe countries where it has been uſed, either in monarchies or commonwealths?

I ſhall conclude, with giving them this friendly advice:---If they would be thought men of reaſon or of a good conſcience, let them endeavour by their good council and good example, to perſuade others to lead ſuch lives as may ſave their ſouls, and not be perpetually quarrelling amongſt themſelves, and cutting one another's throats, about thoſe things which they all agree are not abſolutely neceſſary to ſalvation.

THE

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S LETTER TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF A PAPER INTITULED, "A SHORT ANSWER "TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCK-"INGHAM'S PAPER, CONCERNING RE-"LIGION, TOLERATION, AND LIBERTY "OF CONSCIENCE."

My nameleſs, angry, harmleſs humble Servant,

I HAVE twice read over, with a great deal of patience, a paper of yours, which you call an anſwer to a diſcourſe of mine, and to my confuſion muſt own, that I am not able to comprehend what part of my diſcourſe it is you do anſwer, nor in all yours what it is you mean: But in this you are even with me, for I perceive you do as little underſtand any part of what I have written, though I thought it had been done in ſo plain a ſtile, that a child of ſix years old might very well have done it. Yet I do not take ill from you this art you have of miſunderſtanding plain things, ſince you have done the ſame in his Majeſty's promiſe to the church of England. The true meaning of which (without this miſunderſtanding art of yours) would eaſily have appeared to be, that he would not ſuffer any body to injure the church of England, but he has not promiſed that he would have the church of England perſecute every body elſe.

Having confeſſed that I cannot underſtand your writing, you ought not to be offended at me, if I cannot

cannot remember it neither; and yet there is one paſſage in it which I ſhall never forget, becauſe it does in a moſt extraordinary manner delight me: It is this ſhrewd convincing argument of yours, which you ſay; *Had you been to treat with atheiſts, you would have urged to them, that it is impoſſible this world ſhould be eternal, becauſe then it muſt alſo be inviſible.* It is, I ſwear, a quaint kind of notion (which to do you juſtice) I do verily believe it is entirely your own. Yet for all this, I cannot be abſolutely convinced that I am now the ſame George Duke of Buckingham which I was forty years ago; and to ſhew you I am in earneſt, I do here promiſe you, that if you will do for me a favour leſs difficult, which is to make me the ſame George Duke of Buckingham I was but twenty years ago, I will (as poor a man as I am) give you a thouſand guineas for your pains, and that is ſomewhat more I am afraid than you will ever get by your writing.

You have done me the honor to call yourſelf my humble ſervant, and therefore in gratitude I ſhall offer you an advice, which I am confident upon ſecond thoughts you will not find to be altogether unreaſonable: That hereafter, before you take upon you to write French, you will be pleaſed to learn the language, for the word *opinionature*, which you are ſo infinitely charmed with in your paper, has the misfortune to be no French word; the true French word which I ſuppoſed you would have uſed, is *opiniatrete*, and yet I proteſt I do not ſee how (though you had written it right) it would have much more graced your diſcourſe than if it had been expreſſed

expreſſed in Engliſh. Stick therefore to your Engliſh Metaphor, at which you are admirable, and be always careful of not turning (according to your own words) the wine of hope, into the vinegar of deſpair, and then you cannot fail of being ſufficiently applauded by every body, as you are by

Your grateful friend,

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER II.

TO MR. CLIFFORD, ON HIS HUMAN REASON.

YOUR little, but valuable book I have peruſed with a great deal of pleaſure, tho' not without ſome concern; for while the truth it contained afforded me a manly ſatisfaction, I was concerned to reflect what enemies you would raiſe by ſo honeſt an attempt. The world is made up, for the moſt part, of fools or knaves, both irreconcileable foes to truth: The firſt being ſlaves to a blind credulity, which we may properly call bigotry: The laſt are too jealous of that power they have uſurped over the folly and ignorance of the others, which the eſtabliſhment of the empire of reaſon would deſtroy. For truth, being made ſo plain and eaſy to all men, would render the deſigns and arts of knaves of little uſe in thoſe opinions, which ſet the world, at odds and, by the feuds they maintain,

tain, enrich thoſe who in a charitable peaceful world muſt ſtarve.

You muſt expect, therefore, that the violent partiſans of every ſide will be your profeſſed enemies; who, tho' they all pretend to be zealous of the truth, and to aim at its triumph over error, yet not one of them are for allowing any means of our arriving at it, but by giving into their principles; for with each ſide all truth is nothing bu their opinion: while that love and unity, which the divine love of the goſpel preſcribes, is the only thing they all forget, and would perſuade the world out of, under the ſpecious name of zeal for the orthodox: as if religion had its fundamentals in wrangling and obſtinacy.

This has made each party ſuch enemies to moderation and liberty of conſcience, when it got to the helm; which, if once juſtly and firmly eſtabliſhed, would open the door to that peace which the goſpel was beſtowed on us to introduce into the world. Lucretius, from his reflexion on the ſacrificing of Iphigenia, for a wind at Aulis, forms his celebrated Ephiphonema, *Tantum religio potuit ſuadere malorum.* But what would he have ſaid, if he had lived after the eſtabliſhment of the chriſtian religion? Since the heats and animoſities betwixt the Arians and orthodox; the ſeveral opinions that ſtarted up amongſt them? When once the heathen folly was ſunk and removed, power ſoon debauched the principle, which Chriſt gave us the characteriſtic of his diſciples, *the love of one another.* If he had ſeen how many millions of men loſt their lives in the con-

teſts about the ſupremacy of the popes; and the quarrels betwixt the emperors and the biſhops of Rome; or the one and twenty millions deſtroyed by the Spaniards in the reduction of the Weſt-Indies, who thought, in the ſpreading their religion in thoſe parts, the maxim of Mahomet preferable to that of Chriſt, when they preferred the power of the ſword to that of the goſpel, when they knocked ſo many millions on the head, rather than be at the trouble of converting them. If he had known the noble methods of the inquiſition of the Romaniſts, and the penal laws of the reformed, by which in our nation alone, in a few years, threeſcore thouſand families were ruined, he would have been no longer amazed at the ſacrificing one poor green-ſickneſs girl.

But when the reformers had caſt off the unſufferable bondage of Rome, and reſcued the goſpel from the impoſitions and impoſtures of that church, one would have imagined they ſhould have caſt away that odious maxim of confining, and impoſing on the conſciences of thoſe they had ſet free; and never have dreamed of perſecuting them for making uſe of that liberty they had pretended to eſtabliſh, by requiring an implicit faith in them and their doctrines, when they would not allow it to thoſe of the church they had forſaken for her errors and tyranny. For to me it is very unaccountable, that they ſhould pretend to tell us, that we ſhould now freely conſult the word of God, and, at the ſame time, deny us to underſtand it for ourſelves; ſince that is but to fool us with the name of liberty, without letting us poſſeſs

poſſeſs the thing, and we might as well have continued under our old maſters, as be ſlaves to new lords. And this I believe has ſtopped the progreſs of the reformation. For when the firſt heat once was over, and conſidering men began to reflect, that the reformation offered nothing but words, that it gave no entire freedom to conſciences and inquiries, they ſaw no ſatisfactory motive of quitting their old Mumſimus for a new Sumſimus, and could find no real advantage in withdrawing from father Peter, to father Martin and father John; ſince, though theſe diſclaimed the infallibility the other uſurped, yet they ſtill, without that guard, demanded our belief of their doctrines, though not leſs abſurd and ridiculous.

There is no way, indeed, left to make the reformation flouriſh, but its eſpouſing ſincerely a *true and perfect libery of conſcience*; that is, that it make the empire of reaſon ſacred, and not to be invaded by any party. But till this be effected, your book will be attacked on all hands by men that are ſo littlle friends to God and human kind, that they are for deſtroying the very diſtinction betwixt man and beaſt, that is, Reaſon; as if the God of Man and Reaſon could make it eſſential to religion, to make us ceaſe to be men.

For my part, I hope I am as good a chriſtian as any of theſe fiery gentlemen, and yet, from my peruſal of the bible, I can find no ground for ſo monſtrous a principle; nay, on the contrary, I can find no way of confuting the enemies of religion, the papiſts and atheiſts, but by reaſon, and the interpretation of ſcripture by that infallible guide. I call it an infallible guide, becauſe

without its help we muſt continually wander in the dark after the *ignis fatuus* of every opinion, that can quote texts or authority for its orthodoxy. But, when we conſult that, all diſputes ſoon ceaſe, and truth ſoon ſhines out as bright as the noon-day ſun.

Moſt, if not all religious ſects, tell us, that a true faith is neceſſary to ſalvation, and yet they allow us no certain means of arriving at that true faith. Now, it is contradictory to the very eſſence and being of a God, that he ſhould require a true faith of us, and yet leave us no way to arrive at it, nor any marks of the true faith, which muſt inevitably be, unleſs you permit us the free and uncontrouled uſe of our reaſon; and that indeed will eaſily and ſoon, through the New-Teſtament, lead us to the certain meaning of Chriſt and his Apoſtles.

From what I have ſaid, you will find, that it is my opinion that you have done a noble ſervice to religion, in aſſerting the empire of reaſon, and you have this comfort, that all thoſe, who have any eſteem for the nobleſt of God's handy-works, man, and any veneration for the wiſdom, veracity, and juſtice of God, will be your friends. And then I need not deſcribe the quality, and nature of your future antagoniſts. Nor have you in reality any cauſe to be alarmed at what they ſhall ſay. You have too much ſenſe to value the cenſure of fools, and too much honeſty to fear the rage of knaves; elſe you could never have ſo near a place in the love of, yours,

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER III.

TO SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

A PERSUASIVE FROM HIS STANDING AGAINST THE LORD TREASURER'S SON FOR BURGESS OF YORK.

SIR,

HAVING promiſed to be your friend, I cannot but think myſelf obliged to be always very much concerned for you, and therefore I hope you will not take it ill, if I adventure to give you my advice, as often as I think it may be for your ſervice: The noiſe of the diſpute between you and my lord treaſurer's ſon, about the being choſen burgeſs for the town of York, made me tell my lord treaſurer the other day, that I thought he might make you the compliment of not letting his ſon ſtand in competition with you, conſidering how earneſt you have been in the election of his lordſhip to the ſame burgeſs-ſhip before; upon which he ſhewed me a letter you wrote to him, wherein you owned yourſelf to be very ſorry for having been forced to accept of it, by ſome aldermen of the town of York, and that you heartily wiſhed to be diſengaged from it by them. The only thing he ſeems to take ill of you is, that you would ſo haſtily enter into this buſineſs, without giving him any notice of it; proteſting withal, that, if you had, he would never have made the leaſt

leaſt mention of his ſon in the caſe. And as to that point, I confeſs I did not well know what to anſwer, ſince it was but a civility due to any gentleman in England of the leaſt quality whatſoever. How far you are engaged in this I cannot tell; but, let it be as far as it will, if I were in your place, I ſhould not think the being choſen at this time worth the diſobliging ſo conſiderable a friend as my lord treaſurer is. In ſhort, if this conteſt goes on, it will breed an irreconcileable quarrel between you; and I cannot for my life think that would be for your advantage, at leaſt I am ſure it would be very diſagreeable news to,

SIR,

You moſt affectionate friend,
and humble ſervant.

At the Cockpit,
Sept. 4. 1763.

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER I.

TO THE LORD MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF YORK.

TO PERSUADE THEM TO CHUSE THE LORD TREASURER'S SON FOR ONE OF THEIR BURGESSES.

My Lord, and Gentlemen,

UPON the anſwer of a letter I writ to Sir Henry Thompſon, wherein I a adviſed him to put a compliment upon my lord treaſurer in not oppoſing his ſon's election to the burgeſs-ſhip

of the town of York, I am forced to addreſs myſelf to your lordſhip and your brethren, becauſe he tells me, he would be very willing to give over this conteſt, if your lordſhip and the aldermen would give him leave to do it. I know not for what reaſons you have reſolved (as Sir Henry Thompſon has informed me) to chuſe none hereafter to ſerve you in parliament, that are not of your own corporation; but methinks, conſidering the zeal my lord treaſurer has had for your ſervice, and how much it may be now in his power to ſhew it, you ought not to begin at this time to put that rule into practice, ſince it would look, as if you did it becauſe he had diſſerved you in that employment. I am ſure no man can be more paſſionately zealous for the good of the town of York than he is, of which I could give you ſome late unqueſtionable demonſtrations, but that it does not become me to ſpeak of it, becauſe I am concerned in it myſelf. This at leaſt deſerves, that you ſhould not put an affront upon him; which under favour it would be, if you ſhould refuſe to let his ſon ſerve in his ſtead, ſince perhaps he is the firſt man of his quality who was ever denied that kindneſs, upon a removal out of the houſe of commons, into the houſe of peers. I come now to my own part; I am ſure I have never deſerved your unkindneſs, and if you have any conſideration of me, I deſire you to ſhew it, in not putting neglect upon my lord treaſurer, ſince by it you would lay an eternal diſobligation upon,

My lord, and gentlemen,
Your moſt affectionate,
And humble ſervant,
BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER V.

TO SIR HENRY THOMPSON,

ABOUT BUYING A HOUSE AND GARDENS.

SIR, Wothrop, Dec. 1.

I Have received your letter concerning the houſe and gardens near my Lord Fairfax's houſe in York, and though what is aſked for them be perhaps more than they are worth, I ſhall not ſtick at the price, ſo I be aſſured of the convenience of having the little back way behind the houſe ſtopped up, without which I confeſs I do not well know how I ſhall be able to live there. I do therefore deſire you to ſend me word poſitively, whether it may be done or no; and how far the circumſtance of its being called the king's highway makes it neceſſary for me to have ſome grant of it of his Majeſty, that I may get it done when I am at Oxford, which will be in a few days, where I ſhall not fail to releaſe Captain Mountjoy, if he be not freed before I come. I am ſo little able to make compliments to thoſe I love, and I love you ſo much, that I ſhall uſe none to you, only in plain Engliſh, like an honeſt country gentleman, I ſhall aſſure you that I am, with all my heart,

Your moſt affectionate friend and ſervant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

ABOUT AN OBLIGING ORDER OF THE LORD MAYOR AND CITY OF YORK IN HIS FAVOUR, AND OTHER THINGS.

SIR, Jan. 2d, 1665.

I Cannot expreſs to you, how extremely I am pleaſed at the order I received from my Lord Mayor and the city of York, concerning the lane behind my houſe; and though the convenience I ſhall receive by it be very great, yet I aſſure you the demonſtration it gives me of their kindneſs is that in it which I value, and eſteem moſt. When your letter came to me, I, being upon my remove to Oxford, thought it beſt to defer the ſending you an anſwer till my arrival there, in hopes that I might, at the ſame time, ſend you ſome good news of what the city of York has ſo often recommended to me, and which I ſhall induſtriouſly labour for, whether I be concerned in it or no: but meeting with the Duke of Monmouth and my Lord Arlington upon the way, they perſuaded me to come with them to my Lord Croft's houſe, a few miles diſtant from this place; ſo that I am forced to deſire you to make my excuſe to my Lord Mayor, for not writing to him ſooner: I have appointed Jackſon, my Bailiff at Honſly, to wait upon you, and receive your directions for the drawing ſuch a paper, as will be requiſite

quiſite for finiſhing that favour which the city of York are reſolved to do me. As for the little houſe and gardens on the other ſide of the lane, I ſhall not meddle with them at preſent, ſince they are held at ſo high a rate; but I deſire you to conclude a bargain immediately for the other houſe on the left-hand, as you come in, and for the cloſe that belongs to it, on the other ſide of the land, where I intend to have my ſtables, and I ſhall immediately provide the money. I hope I need not tell you that I love you, I ſhould be very unworthy if I were not from the bottom of my heart,

SIR,

Your moſt truſty, affectionate ſervant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

SIR, London, March 8.

THE bearer came up to town about a buſineſs he will acquaint you with; if there be any probability, that the man's intelligence at York be true, I ſhall do what he deſires; but I would not be engaged upon a fooliſh thing, and therefore I deſire you to examine the man for me. He is a priſoner

now at York, and his name is Laſſels, of which this bearer will give you an account. I am,

Your moſt affectionate friend and ſervant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ARLINGTON, PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MAJESTY.

[*Written by his Grace when he was Ambaſſador at the Court of France.*]

MY LORD, St. Germains, Auguſt 15, 1670.

IF I had had the good fortune to bring my Lord Faulconbridge's ſecretary with me, he would have entertained your lordſhip with a whole ſheet of paper full of the particulars of my reception here; for, I have had more honours done me, than ever were given to any ſubject. You will receive, in two or three days, a propoſition from this court, concerning the making war upon Holland only, which you may enlarge as you pleaſe. *Monſieur de Lionne* ſhewed me the model of it laſt night, and I ſhall ſee the particulars before they are ſent.

In the mean time, having not your cypher, I ſhall only tell you in general, that nothing but our being mealy-mouthed can hinder us from finding our accounts in this matter: for you may almoſt

moſt aſk what you pleaſe. I have written more at large in cypher to my lord Aſhley, and when you have diſcourſed together, if you think my ſtay here will be of uſe to his Majeſty, let me know it; if not, I will come away. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble

And moſt faithful ſervant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, St. Germains, Auguſt 17.

I Have nothing to add to what I writ laſt, but that I am every day convinced of the happy conjuncture we have at preſent in our hands, of any conditions from this court, that we can in reaſon demand. The King of France is ſo mightily taken with the diſcourſes I make to him of his greatneſs by land, that he talks to me twenty times a-day; all the courtiers here wonder at it, and I am very glad of it, and am very much,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble

And moſt faithful ſervant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LET-

LETTER X.

TO THE LORD BERKLEY.

My Lord,

I Muſt needs beg your lordſhip's excuſe, for not waiting upon you next Sunday at dinner, for two reaſons; the firſt is, becauſe Mrs. -------- refuſes to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind of a ſlur upon ſo learned a divine as I am: the other, that Sir Robert G------ is to go into the country upon Monday, and has deſired me to ſtay within to-morrow, about ſigning ſome papers, which muſt be diſpatched, for the clearing ſo much of my eſtate, as (in ſpite of my own negligence, and the extraordinary perquiſites I have received from the court) is yet left me. I'm ſure your Lordſhip is too much my friend, not to give me leave to look after my temporal affairs, if you but conſider how little I am like to get by my ſpirituality, except Mrs. B------ be very much in the wrong: pray tell her, I am reſolved hereafter never to ſwear by any other but by *Jo. Aſh; and if that be a ſin, it's as odd a one as ever ſhe heard of. I am, My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,
And moſt faithful ſervant,
Buckingham.

* A box-keeper of the play-houſe.

SPEECHES

SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT.

The Duke's Speech in a Conference between the Houſes of Lords and Commons, concerning a Diſpute between the Eaſt-India Company and Mr. Skinner, 1668.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

I Am commanded by the Houſe of Peers to open to you the matter of this conference; which is a taſk I could wiſh their Lordſhips had laid upon any body elſe, both for their own ſakes and mine: having obſerved in the little experience I have made in the world, that there can be nothing of greater difficulty than to unite men in their opinions whoſe intereſt ſeems to diſagree. This, gentlemen, I fear is at preſent our caſe; but yet I hope, when we have a little better conſidered of it, we ſhall find, that a greater intereſt does oblige us, at this time, rather to join in preſervation of both our privileges, than to differ about the violation of either. We acknowledge it is our intereſt to defend the right of the commons; for ſhould we ſuffer them to be oppreſt, it would not be long before it might come to be our own caſe; and I humbly conceive it will alſo appear to be the intereſt of the commons to uphold the privilege of the lords, that ſo we may be in a condition to ſtand

by

by and ſupport them. All that their lordſhips deſire of you on this occaſion is, that you will proceed with them as uſually friends do when they are in diſpute one with another; that you will not be impatient of hearing arguments urged againſt your opinions, but examine the weight of what is ſaid, and then impartially conſider, which of us two are the likelieſt to be in the wrong. If we are in the wrong, we and our predeceſſors have been in the wrong theſe many hundred years; and not only our predeceſſors, but yours too: this being the firſt time that ever an appeal was made, in point of judicature, from the Lords houſe to the houſe of Commons. Nay, thoſe very Commons that turned the Lords out of this houſe, though they took from them many other of their privileges, yet left them the conſtant practice of this till the very laſt day of their ſitting. And this will be made appear by ſeveral precedents theſe noble Lords will lay before you, much better than I can pretend to do. Since this buſineſs has been in agitation, their Lordſhips have been a little more curious than ordinary, to inform themſelves of the true nature of theſe matters now in queſtion before us; which I ſhall endeavour to explain to you as far as my ſmall ability, and my averſion to hard words, will give me leave. For howſoever the law, to make it a myſtery and a trade, may be wrapt up in terms of art, yet it is founded upon reaſon, and is obvious to common ſenſe. The power of judicature does naturally deſcend, and not aſcend; that is, no inferior court can have any power which is not derived to

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it from ſome power above it. The king is, by the laws of this land, ſupreme judge in all cauſes eccleſiaſtical and civil. And ſo there is no court, high or low, can act but in ſubordination to him; and though they do not all iſſue out their writs in the king's name, yet they can iſſue out none but by virtue of ſome power they have received from him. Now every particular court has ſuch a particular power as the king has given it, and for that reaſon has its bounds: but the higheſt court in which the king can poſſibly ſit, that is, his ſupreme court of lords in parliament, has in it all judicial power, and conſequently no bounds: I mean no bounds of juriſdiction; for the higheſt court is to govern according to the laws, as well as the loweſt. I ſuppoſe none will make a queſtion, but that every man and every cauſe is to be tried according to Magna Charta, that is, by his peers, or according to the laws of the land: and he that is tried by the eccleſiaſtical courts, the court of admiralty, or the high court of lords in parliament, is tried as much by the laws of the land, as he that is tried by the king's-bench or common-pleas. When theſe inferior courts happen to wrangle among themſelves, which they muſt often do, by reaſon of their being bound up to particular cauſes, and their having all equally and earneſtly a deſire to try all cauſes themſelves, then the ſupreme court is forced to hear their complaints, becauſe there is no other way of deciding them. And this, under favour, is an original cauſe of courts, though not of men. Now theſe original cauſes of courts muſt alſo of neceſſity induce men, for ſaving of

charges,

charges, and for diſpatch ſake, to bring their cauſes originally before the ſupreme court: but then the court is not obliged to receive them, but proceeds by rules of prudence, in either retaining or diſmiſſing them, as they think fit. This is, under favour, the ſum of all that your precedents can ſhew us; which is nothing but what we practiſe every day; that is, that very often, becauſe we would not be moleſted with hearing too many particular cauſes, we refer them back again to other courts: and all the arguments you can poſſibly draw from hence, will not in any kind leſſen our power, but only ſhew an unwillingneſs we have to trouble ourſelves often with matters of this nature. Nor will this appear ſtrange, if you conſider the conſtitution of our houſe, it being made up, partly of ſuch, whoſe employments will not give them leiſure to attend the hearing of private cauſes; and entirely of thoſe that can receive no profit by it. And the truth is, the diſpute at preſent is not between the houſe of lords and the houſe of commons, but between us and Weſtminſter-hall: for, as we deſire to have few or no cauſes brought before us, becauſe we get nothing by them, ſo they deſire to have all cauſes brought before them, for a reaſon a little of the contrary nature. For this very reaſon it is their buſineſs to invent new ways of drawing cauſes to their courts, which ought not to be pleaded there. As for example, this very cauſe of Skinner, that is now before us, (and I do not ſpeak this by rote, for I have the opinion of a reverend judge in the caſe, who informed us of it the other day in the houſe)

houſe) they have no way of bringing this cauſe into Weſtminſter-hall, but by the following form, the reaſon and ſenſe of which I leave you to judge of; the form is this: That, inſtead of ſpeaking, as we ordinary men do that have no art, that Mr. Skinner loſt a ſhip in the Eaſt-Indies, to bring this into their courts, they muſt ſay, "Mr. Skinner "loſt a ſhip in the Eaſt-Indies, in the pariſh of "Iſlington, in the county of Middleſex." Now ſome of us lords, that did not underſtand the refinedneſs of this ſtile, began to examine what the reaſon of this ſhould be; and ſo we found, that ſince they ought not by right to try ſuch cauſes, they are reſolved to make bold not only with our privileges, but the very ſenſe and language of the whole nation. This I thought fit to mention, only to let you ſee, that this whole cauſe, as well as many others, could not be tried properly in any place but at our bar; except Mr. Skinner ſhould take a fancy to try the right of juriſdiction between Weſtminſter-hall and the court of admiralty, inſtead of ſeeking relief for the injuries he had received in the place only where it was to be given him. One thing I hear is much inſiſted upon, which is, the trial without juries; to which I could anſwer, That ſuch trials are allowed of in the chancery and other courts; and that when there is occaſion for them, we make uſe of juries too, both by directing them in the king's-bench, and having them brought up to our bar. But I ſhall only crave leave to put you in mind, that if you do not allow us, in ſome caſes, to try men without juries, you will then abſolutely take away

the uſe of impeachments, which I humbly conceive you will not think proper to have done at this time.

THE DUKE'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Upon occaſion of ſome Queſtions propoſed by them to his Grace, together with his Reply thereunto, in Relation to ſeveral Miſmanagements of State Affairs, by Advice of ſome of the Miniſtry, January the 14th, 1673-4.

[The Duke being called into the Houſe, after having given his Reſpects to the Speaker, and of each Hand, and behind him, expreſſes himſelf in theſe Words:

MR. SPEAKER,

I GIVE the houſe my humble thanks for the honour you have twice done me, eſpecially expreſſing myſelf ſo ill yeſterday. I hope you will conſider the condition I am in, in danger of paſſing in the cenſure of the world for a vicious perſon, and a betrayer of my country: I have ever had the misfortune to bear the blame of other men's faults. I know the revealing the king's councils, and correſponding with the king's enemies, are laid againſt me; but I hope for your pardon if I ſpeak truth for myſelf. I told you yeſterday, if the triple league had any advantage in it (I ſpeak it

it without vanity) I had as great a hand in it as any man. Then upon the inſtance of the French ambaſſador, I was ſent into France upon the ſad ſubject of condoling the death of madam, where I urged, for the ſervice of the king, that the French ought not to endeavour to make themſelves conſiderable at ſea, of whom we had reaſon to be more jealous than of the Dutch; becauſe the French then would have power to conquer us. When I returned, I found all demonſtrations that the French had no ſuch thoughts, but that the king of England ſhould be maſter at ſea. I do not pretend to judge whether I or other men were in the right, I leave the judgment of that to this honourable houſe. At this time my lord Shaftſbury and myſelf adviſed not to begin a war without the advice of the parliament and the affections of the people, (for I look upon the king at the head of his parliament, to be the greateſt prince in the world;) this was my lord Shaftſbury's opinion and mine, but not my lord Arlington's. My next advice was, not to make uſe of French ſhips; half their value in money would have been more ſerviceable. I alleged they would be of no uſe to us, by reaſon of their want of experience in our ſeas, and there would be great danger in their learning the uſe of them; which advice my lord Arlington oppoſed, notwithſtanding the king was ſo deſirous of avoiding a breach with France, that he ſent me to Dunkirk, and my lord Arlington to Utrecht, where I ſtill endeavoured to get money inſtead of ſhips. At my firſt audience, the king of France was willing to comply; but, after ſome returns and letters

from hence, he was altered; but I make no reflexions upon perſons, but barely ſtate matters of fact. Then it was my lord Shaftſbury's advice and mine, ſo to order the war, as that the French ſhould deliver us ſome towns of their conqueſts into our hands: an uſeful precaution in former times. My lord Arlington would have no towns at all for one year. And here is the cauſe of the condition of our affairs. We ſet out a fleet with intention to land men in order to the taking of towns. The French army go on conquering, and get all, and we get nothing, nor agree for any. Pray conſider who it was that was ſo often locked up with the French Ambaſſador. My ſpirit moves me to tell you, that, when we were to conſider what to do, we were to adviſe with the French ambaſſador. I will not trouble you with reports, but pray look not upon me as a peer, but an honeſt Engliſh gentleman, who has ſuffered much for my love to my country. I had a regiment given me, which was Sir Edward Scot's; I gave him 1600 *l.* for it: there is no popiſh officer in it, nor Iriſhman. I ſhall ſay nothing of my extraordinary gains, I am ſure I have loſt as much eſtate as ſome men have gotten; (and that is a big word;) I am honeſt, and when I appear otherways, I deſire to die. I am not the man that has gotten by all this; yet after all this I am a grievance: I am the cheapeſt grievance this houſe ever had; and ſo I humbly aſk the pardon of the houſe for the trouble I have given.

The ſpeaker then proceeded to aſk the Duke the following queſtions, by order of the houſe.

Queſtion

Queſtion I. propoſed to the Duke.

Whether any perſons declared to your grace any ill advices againſt the liberties and privileges of this houſe, or to alter the government, who they were, and what they adviſed?

Anſ. There is an old proverb, Mr. Speaker, *over boots over ſhoes.* This reflects upon one that is not now living, and ſo I deſire pardon for not ſaying any thing farther, fearing it may be thought a malicious invention of mine, the perſon being dead. I have ſaid nothing yet but what I can juſtify, but this I cannot.

Queſ. II. *Some words fell from your grace yeſterday, wherein you were pleaſed to ſay ſome had gotten* 3, 4, 500,000 *l. The houſe would know who they were, and by what means they had gotten ſuch ſums.*

Anſ. I am not well acquainted by what means they got ſo much, being not at all acquainted with the ways of getting money. What the duke of Ormond has got is upon record, being about 500,000 *l.* my lord Arlington has not got ſo much, he has got a great deal.

Queſ. III. *By whoſe advice was the army raiſed, and Monſieur Schomberg made General?*

Anſ. I cannot ſay by whoſe advice, but, upon my honour, not by mine. I was told by a man that is dead, that my lord Arlington ſent for him, and it will be eaſily proved.

Queſ. IV. *By whoſe advice was this army brought up to awe the debates and reſolutions of the houſe of commons?*

Anſ.

Anſ. I muſt make to this the ſame anſwer as I did before; it was a diſcourſe from a man dead of one now living. If I had deſerved the honour, I think I might have had the command of that army before him; but Schomberg was told, my lord Arlington would have the government by an army.

Queſ. V. *Who made the French league?*

Anſ. My lord Arlington and myſelf were only employed to treat, and finding the danger we were in of being cheated, we preſſed the ambaſſadors to ſign before they had power; and though it was an odd requeſt, yet they did ſign.

Queſ. VI. *Who made the firſt treaty with France, by which the triple alliance was broken?*

Anſ. I made that treaty.

Queſ. VII. *By whoſe advice was the Exchequer ſhut up, and the order of payment there broken.*

Anſ. I was not the adviſer; I am ſure I loſt 3000 l. by it.

Queſ. VIII. *Who adviſed the declaration in matter of religion?*

Anſ. I do not diſown that I adviſed it; being always of opinion, that ſomething was to be done of that nature in matters of conſcience, but no farther than the king might do by law.

Queſ. IX. *Who adviſed the attacking the Smyrna fleet before the war was proclaimed?*

Anſ. It was my lord Arlington's advice, I was utterly againſt it, as careful of the honour of the nation, and incurred ſome anger by it. My lord Arlington principally moved it, and I might ſay more.

Queſ,

Queſ. X. *By whoſe advice was the ſecond treaty at Utrecht?*

Anſ. My lord Arlington and I were ſent over, and I found in Holland the greateſt conſternation imaginable, like the burning of the rump in England, the people crying, God bleſs the king of England, and curſing the States; and had we then landed, we might have conquered the country. The prince of Orange would have had the ſame ſhare in the peace with France that we had; but, though the king's nephew, I thought he muſt be kind to his own country; if we had made a peace then, we had been in a worſe condition than before; and laſtly, the prince of Orange hoped for a good peace with us upon that treaty; but I would never conſent that France muſt have all and we nothing. The conſequence would be that Holland muſt intirely depend upon France, and I think it a wiſe article, that the French were not to make peace without us.

Queſ. XI. *By what counſel was the war begun without the parliament, and thereupon the parliament prorogued?*

Anſ. My lord Shaftſbury and I were for adviſing with the parliament, and averſe to the prorogation. I can ſay nothing, but I believe the parliament will never be againſt a war for the good of England.

Then the debate followed.

THE DUKE'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 16th NOVEMBER 1765, FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

My Lords,

THERE is a thing called liberty, which (whatever ſome men may think) is what the people of England are fondeſt of, it is what they will never part with, and it is what his majeſty, in his ſpeech, has promiſed us to take a particular care of. This, my Lords, in my opinion, can never be done without giving an indulgence to all Proteſtant diſſenters. It is certainly a very uneaſy kind of life to any man, that has either chriſtian charity, humanity, or good nature, to ſee his fellow-ſubjects daily abuſed, diveſted of their liberties and birth-rights, and miſerably thrown out of their poſſeſſions and free-holds, only becauſe they cannot agree with others, in ſome opinions and niceties of religion, which their conſciences will not give them leave to conſent to; and which even by the confeſſion of thoſe who would impoſe them upon them, are no ways neceſſary to ſalvation. But, my Lords, beſides this, and all that may be ſaid upon it, in order to the improvement of our trade, and increaſe of the wealth, ſtrength, and greatneſs of this nation, (which, under favour, I ſhall preſume to diſcourſe of ſome other time) there is, methinks, in this notion of perſecution a very groſs miſtake, both as to the point of government, and the point of religion

ligion. There is ſo, as to the point of government, becauſe it makes every man's ſafety depend on the wrong place, not upon governors, or a man's living well towards the civil government eſtabliſhed by law, but upon his being tranſported with zeal for every opinion that is held by thoſe who have power in the church then in faſhion; and it is, I conceive, a miſtake in religion, becauſe it is poſitively againſt the expreſs doctrine and example of Jeſus Chriſt. Nay, my Lords, as to our proteſtant religion there is ſomething in yet worſe: for we proteſtants maintain, that none of thoſe opinions which chriſtians differ about are infallible; and therefore it is in us a ſomewhat inexcuſable conception, that men ought to be deprived of their inheritance, and all the certain conveniencies and advantages of life, becauſe they will not agree with us in our uncertain opinions of religion. My humble motion therefore to your lordſhips is, that you would give me leave to bring in a bill of indulgence to all diſſenting proteſtants. I know very well, that every peer of this realm has a right to bring into parliament any bill he conceives to be uſeful to this nation; but I thought it more reſpectful to your lordſhips to aſk your leave for it before. I cannot think the doing of it will be of any prejudice to the bill, becauſe I am confident the reaſon, the prudence, and the charitableneſs of it will be able to juſtify itſelf to his houſe and the whole world.

THE

THE DUKE'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, TO PROVE THE PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED.

My Lords,

I Have often troubled your Lordſhips with my diſcourſe in this houſe; but I confeſs I never did it with more trouble to myſelf than I do at this time; for I ſcarce know where I ſhould begin, or what I have to ſay to your Lordſhips: on the one ſide, I am afraid of being thought an unquiet and pragmatical man; for in this age, every man that cannot bear every thing is called unquiet; and he that does aſk queſtions, for which we ought to be concerned, is looked upon as pragmatical. On the other ſide, I am more afraid of being thought a diſhoneſt man; and of all men, I am moſt afraid of being thought ſo by myſelf; for every one is the beſt judge of the integrity of his own intentions; and tho' it does not always follow, that he is pragmatical whom others take to be ſo; yet this never fails to be true, that he is moſt certainly a knave, who takes himſelf to be ſo. No body is anſwerable for more underſtanding than God Almighty has given him; and therefore, tho' I ſhould be in the wrong, if I tell your Lordſhips truly and plainly what I am really convinced of, I ſhall behave myſelf like an honeſt man: for it is my duty, as long as I have the honour to ſit in this Houſe, to hide nothing from your lordſhips, which I think may concern his Majeſty's ſervice, your Lordſhips intereſt,

intereſt, or the good and quiet of the people of England.

The queſtion, in my opinion, which now lies before your Lordſhips, is not what we are to do, but whether at this time we can do any thing as a Parliament, it being very clear to me, that the Parliament is diſſolved: and if in this opinion I have the misfortune to be miſtaken, I have another misfortune joined to it, for I deſire to maintain the argument with all the lawyers in England, and leave it afterwards to your Lordſhips to decide, whether I am in the right or no. This, my Lords, I ſpeak not out of arrogance, but in my own juſtification; becauſe if I were not thoroughly convinced, that what I have now to urge is grounded upon the fundamental laws of England, and that the not preſſing it at this time, might prove to be of a moſt dangerous conſequence, both to his Majeſty and the whole nation, I ſhould have been loth to ſtart a notion, which perhaps may not be very agreeable to ſome people. And yet, my Lords, when I conſider where I am, whom I now ſpeak to, and what was ſpoken in this place about the time of the laſt prorogation, I can hardly believe what I have to ſay will be diſtaſteful to your Lordſhips.

I remember very well, how your Lordſhips were then diſpleaſed with the Houſe of Commons, and I remember too as well, what reaſons they gave you to be ſo. It is not ſo long ſince, but that I ſuppoſe your Lordſhips may call to mind, that, after ſeveral odd paſſages between us, your Lordſhips were ſo incenſed, that a motion was made

made here for an addreſs to his Majeſty about the diſſolution of this Parliament; and though it failed of being carried in the affirmative by two or three voices, yet this in the debate was remarkable, that it prevailed much with the major part of your lordſhips that were here preſent, and was only overpowered by the proxies of thoſe Lords who never heard the arguments. What change there has been ſince, either in their behaviour, or in the ſtate of our affairs, that ſhould make your Lordſhips change your opinion, I have not yet heard. And therefore if I can make it appear (as I preſume I ſhall) that by law the parliament is diſſolved, I preſume your Lordſhips ought not to be offended at me for it.

I have often wondered how it ſhould come to paſs, that this Houſe of Commons, in which there are ſo many honeſt, and ſo many worthy gentlemen, ſhould yet be leſs reſpectful to your Lordſhips, as certainly they have been, than any Houſe of Commons that were ever choſen in England; and yet if the matter be a little enquired into, the reaſon of it will plainly appear. For, my Lords, the very nature of the Houſe of Commons is changed: they do not think now that they are an aſſembly that are to return to their own homes, and become private men again (as by the laws of the land, and the ancient conſtitution of parliaments they ought to be) but they look upon themſelves as a ſtanding ſenate, and as a number of men pick'd out to be legiſlators for the reſt of their lives. And if that be the caſe, my Lords, they have reaſon to believe themſelves our equals. But, my Lords,

Lords, it is a dangerous thing to try new experiments in a government: men do not foreſee the ill conſequences that muſt happen, when they go about to alter thoſe eſſential parts of it upon which the whole frame depends, as now in our caſe, the cuſtoms and conſtitutions of parliament: for all governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a dependance one upon another. And it is with them as with clocks and watches, if you ſhould put great wheels in place of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the movement would ſtand ſtill: ſo that we cannot alter any one part of a government without prejudicing the motions of the whole.

If this, my Lords, were well conſidered, people would be more cautious, how they went out of the old, honeſt, Engliſh way and method of proceeding. But it is not my buſineſs to find fault, and therefore if your Lordſhips will give me leave, I ſhall go on to ſhew you, why in my opinion we are at this time no parliament. The ground of this opinion of mine is taken from the ancient and unqueſtionable ſtatutes of this realm; and give me leave to tell your Lordſhips, by the way, that ſtatutes are not like women, for they are not one jot the worſe for being old. The firſt ſtatute that I ſhall take notice of, is that in the 4th year of Edward III. chap 14. thus ſet down in the printed book: "Item, it is accorded, that a parliament "ſhall be holden every year once, and more often, "if need be. Now tho' theſe words are as plain as a pike-ſtaff, and no man living, that is not a ſcholar, could poſſibly miſtake the meaning of them

them, yet the grammarians of thoſe days did make a ſhift to explain, that the words, if need be, did relate as well to the words every year once, as to the words more often; and ſo, by this grammatical whimſey of theirs, have made this ſtatute to ſignify juſt nothing at all. For this reaſon, my Lords, in the 36th year of the ſame king's reign, a new act of parliament was made, in which thoſe unfortunate words, if need be, are left out and that act of parliament relating to Magna Charta and other ſtatutes, made for the publick good. "Item, For maintenance of theſe articles and ſta-"tutes, and the redreſs of divers miſchiefs and "grievances, which daily happen, a parliament "ſhall be holden every year; as at other time "was ordained by another ſtatute." Here now, my Lords, there is not left the leaſt colour or ſhadow for any miſtake; for it is plainly declared, that the kings of England muſt call a parliament once within a year; and the reaſons why we are bound to do ſo, are plainly ſet down, namely, "For the maintenance of Magna Charta, and "other ſtatutes of the ſame importance, and for "preventing the miſchiefs and grievances which "daily happen."

The queſtion then remaineth, Whether theſe ſtatutes have been ſince repealed by any other ſtatutes or no? The only ſtatutes I ever heard mentioned for that, are the two triennial bills, the one made in the laſt King's, and the other in this King's reign. The triennial bill in the laſt King's reign was made for the confirmation of the two above-mentioned ſtatutes of Edward III. For Parliaments having been omitted to be called every

year according to thoſe ſtatutes, a ſtatute was made in the laſt King's reign, to this purpoſe; "That if the King ſhould fail of calling a Parliament, according to theſe ſtatutes of Edward III. "then, the third year the people ſhould meet of "themſelves without any writs at all, and chooſe "their Parliament-men." This way of the peoples chooſing Parliament-men of themſelves being thought diſreſpectful to the King, a ſtatute was made in this laſt Parliament, which repealed the triennial bill; and after the repealing clauſe (which took notice only of the triennial bill made in the laſt King's reign,) there was in this ſtatute a paragraph to this purpoſe: "That becauſe by "the ancient ſtatutes of this realm, made in the "reign of Edward III. Parliaments are to be held "very often, it ſhould be enacted, that within "three years after the determination of that "preſent Parliament, Parliaments ſhould not be "diſcontinued above three years at moſt, and "ſhould be holden oftener if need required." There have been ſeveral half kind of arguments drawn out of theſe triennial bills againſt the ſtatutes of Edward III. which I confeſs I could never remember, nor indeed thoſe that urged them to me ever durſt own: for they always laid their faults upon ſomebody elſe, like ugly fooliſh children, whom, becauſe of their deformity and want of wit, the parents are aſhamed of, and ſo turn them out on the pariſh.

But, my Lords, let the arguments be what they will, I have this ſhort anſwer to all that can be wreſted out of theſe triennial bills, "That the "firſt triennial bill was repealed before the mat-

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" ter now diſputed of was in queſtion, and the " laſt triennial bill will not be in force till the " queſtion be decided, that is, till the parliament " is diſſolved." The whole matter, my Lords, is reduced to this ſhort dilemma; either the kings of England are bound by the acts above-mentioned of Edward III. or elſe the whole government of England by Parliaments, and by the law above, is abſolutely at an end: for if the kings of England have power, by an order of theirs, to invalidate an act made for the maintenance of Magna Charta, they have alſo power, by an order of theirs, to invalidate Magna Charta itſelf; and if they have power, by an order of theirs, to invalidate the ſtatute itſelf, *De Tallagio non concedendo*; then they may not only, without the help of a parliament, raiſe money when they pleaſe; but alſo take away any man's eſtate when they pleaſe, and deprive every one of his liberty or life as they pleaſe.

This, my Lords, I think is a power that no judge nor lawyer will pretend the kings of England have; and yet this power muſt be allowed them, or elſe we that are met here this day cannot act as a parliament. For we are now met by virtue of the laſt prorogation, and that prorogation is an order of the King's, point-blank, contrary to the two acts of Edward III. For the acts ſay, " That a Parliament ſhall be holden once within " a year; and the prorogation ſaith, a parliament " ſhall not be held within a year, but ſome " months after;" and this (I conceive) is a plain contradiction, and conſequently that the prorogation is void. Now, if we cannot act as a parliament,

ment, by virtue of the laſt prorogation, I beſeech your Lordſhips, by virtue of what elſe can we act? Shall we act by virtue of the king's proclamation? Pray, my Lords, how ſo? Is a proclamation of more force than a prorogation? Or if a thing that hath been ordered the firſt time be not valid, doth the ordering it the ſecond time make it good in law? I have heard indeed, that two negatives make an affirmative; but I never heard before that two nothings ever made any thing.

Well, but how then are we met? Is it by our own adjournment? I ſuppoſe no body has the confidence to ſay that: Which way then is it? Do we meet by accident? That I think may be granted; but an accidental meeting can no more make a parliament, than an accidental clapping a crown upon a man's head can make a king. There is a great deal of ceremony required to give a matter of that moment a legal ſanction. The laws have repoſed ſo great a truſt, and ſo great a power in the hands of a parliament, that every circumſtance relating to the manner of their electing, meeting and proceeding, is looked after with the niceſt circumſpection imaginable. For this reaſon, the king's writs, about the ſummons of parliament, are to be iſſued out *verbatim*, according to the form preſcribed by the law, or elſe that parliament is void and null. For the ſame reaſon, if a parliament, ſummoned by the King's writ, do not meet the very ſame day that it is ſummoned to meet upon, that parliament is void and null: and, by the ſame reaſon, if parliaments be not legally adjourned, *de die in diem*, thoſe parliaments muſt be alſo void and null.

Oh! but ſome ſay, there is nothing in the two acts of Edward III. to take away the King's power of prorogation, and therefore the prorogation is good. My Lords, under favour, this is a very groſs miſtake; for, pray examine the words of the act: the act ſays, "A parliament ſhall be holden "once a year;" now to whom can theſe words be directed, but to them who are to call a parliament? And who are they but the Kings of England? It is very true, this does not take away the King's power of proroguing parliaments; but it moſt certainly limits it to be within a year. Well then, but it is ſaid again, if that prorogation be null and void, then things are juſt as they were before, and therefore the parliament is ſtill in being. My Lords, I confeſs there would be ſome weight in this, but for one thing, which is, that not one word of it is true; for if, when the King had prorogued us, we had taken no notice of the prorogation, but had gone on like a parliament, and had adjourned ourſelves *de die in diem*; then, I confeſs, things had been juſt as they were before: but ſince upon the prorogation we went away, and took no care of ourſelves for our meeting again, if we cannot meet and act by virtue of that prorogation, there is an impoſſibility of our meeting and acting any other way. One may as properly ſay, that a man that is killed by aſſault is ſtill alive, becauſe he was killed unlawfully, as that the parliament is ſtill alive becauſe the prorogation was unlawful. The next argument that thoſe are reduced to who would maintain this to be yet a parliament is, that the parliament is prorogued

rogued *ſine die*, and therefore the king may call them again by proclamation. In the firſt part of this propoſition I ſhall not only agree with them, but alſo do them the favour to prove, that it is ſo in the eye of the law, which I never heard they have yet done. For the ſtatutes ſay, "That a "parliament ſhall be holden once within a year?" and the prorogation having put them off till a day without the year, and conſequently excepted againſt by the law, that day, in the eye of the law, is no day at all, that is, *ſine die*: and the prorogation might as well have put them off till ſo many months after dooms-day; and then I think nobody would have doubted, but that had been a very ſufficient diſſolution.

Beſides, my lords, I ſhall deſire your lordſhips to take notice, that in former times the uſual way of diſſolving parliaments was to diſmiſs them *ſine die*; for the king, when he diſſolved them, uſed to ſay no more, but that he deſired them to go home, till he ſent for them again, which is a diſmiſſion *ſine die*. Now if there were forty ways of diſſolving parliaments, if I can prove this parliament has been diſſolved by any one of them, I ſuppoſe there is no great need of the other thirty nine. Another thing, which they much inſiſt upon, is that they have found out a precedent in queen Elizabeth's time, when a parliament was once prorogued three days beyond a year. In which I cannot chuſe but obſerve, that it is a very great confirmation of the value and eſteem all people ever had of the forementioned acts of Edward III. ſince, from that time to this, there can but one

predecent be found for the proroguing a parliament above a year, and that was but for three days neither. Beſides, my lords, this precedent is of a very odd kind of nature; for it was in the time of a very great plague, when every body of a ſudden was forced to run away one from another, and ſo, being in haſte, had not leiſure to calculate well the time of the prorogation; though the appointing it to be within three days of the year is an argument to me, that their deſign was to keep within the bounds of the acts of parliament. And if the miſtake had been taken notice of in queen Elizabeth's time, I make no queſtion but ſhe would have given a lawful remedy.

Now I beſeech your lordſhips, what more can be drawn from the ſhewing this precedent, but only that, becauſe once upon a time a thing was done illegally, therefore your lordſhips ſhould do ſo again now? Though, my lords, under favour, ours is a very different caſe from theirs; for this precedent they mention was never taken notice of, and all lawyers will tell you, that a precedent that paſſes *ſub ſilentio* is of no validity at all, and will never be admitted into any judicial court, where it is pleaded. Nay, Judge Vaughan ſays in his reports, "That in caſes which depend upon fun-"damental principles, from which demonſtra-"tions may be drawn, millions of precedents are "to no purpoſe." Oh! but ſay they, you muſt think prudentially of the inconveniencies which will follow upon it: For if this be allowed, all thoſe acts which were made in that ſeſſion of parliament will be then void. Whether that be ſo or

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no, I ſhall not now examine; but this I will pretend to ſay, that no man ought to paſs for a prudential perſon who only takes notice of the inconveniencies of one ſide. It is the part of a wiſe man to examine the inconveniences of both ſides, to weigh which are the greateſt, and to be ſure to avoid them. And, my lords, to that kind of examination I willingly ſubmit this cauſe; for I preſume it will be eaſy for your lordſhips to judge, which of theſe two will be of the moſt dangerous conſequence to the nation; either to allow, that the ſtatutes made in that particular ſeſſion in queen Elizabeth's time are void, (which may eaſily be confirmed by a lawful parliament,) or to lay it down for a maxim, "That the kings of "of England, by a particular order of theirs, "have power to break all the laws of England "when they pleaſe."

And, my lords, with all the duty we owe to his majeſty, it is no diſreſpect to him to ſay, that his majeſty is bound up by the laws of England; for the great King of heaven and earth, God Almighty himſelf, is bound by his own decrees: and what is an act of parliament, but a decree of the king made in the moſt ſolemn manner it is poſſible for him to make it, that is, with the conſent of the lords and commons: it is plain then, in my opinion, that we are no more a parliament; and I humbly conceive, your lordſhips ought to give God thanks for it, ſince it has thus pleaſed him, by his providence, to take you out of a condition, wherein you muſt have been entirely uſeleſs to his majeſty, to yourſelves, and the whole

nation: for, I do beſeech your lordſhips, if nothing of this I have urged were true, what honourable excuſe could we find, for our acting again, with the houſe of commons? Except we could pretend ſuch an exquiſite art of forgetfulneſs, as to avoid calling to mind all that paſſed between us the laſt ſeſſions; and unleſs we could have alſo a faculty of teaching the ſame art to the whole nation. What opinion could they have of us, if it ſhould happen, that the very ſame men, who were ſo earneſt the laſt ſeſſion for having the houſe of commons diſſolved, when there was no queſtion of their lawful ſitting, ſhould be now willing to join with them again, when without queſtion they are diſſolved?

Nothing can be more dangerous to a king or a people, than that the laws ſhould be made by an aſſembly, of which there can be a doubt, whether they have power to make laws or no: and it would be in us inexcuſable, if we ſhould overlook this danger, ſince there is for it ſo eaſy a remedy, which the law requires, and which all the nation longs for.

The calling a new parliament it is, that only can put his majeſty into a poſſibility of receiving ſupplies; that can ſecure your lordſhips the honour of ſitting in this houſe like peers, and of being ſerviceable to your king and country; and that can reſtore to all the people of England their undoubted rights of chooſing men frequently to repreſent their grievances in parliament; without this, all we can do would be in vain; the nation

may

may languiſh a while but muſt periſh at laſt: we ſhould become a burden to ourſelves, and a prey to our neighbours. My motion therefore to your lordſhips ſhall be, that we humbly addreſs ourſelves to his majeſty, and beg of him, for his own ſake, as well as for the people's ſake, to give us ſpeedily a new parliament; that ſo we may unanimouſly, before it is too late, uſe our utmoſt endeavours for his majeſty's ſervice, and for the ſafety, the welfare, and the glory of the Engliſh nation.

*** *Whilſt another was ſpeaking, the duke of Buckingham took a pen, and writ this ſyllogiſm; and then appealed to the biſhops, whether it were not a true ſyllogiſm; and to the judges, whether the propoſitions were not true in law.*

THE SYLLOGISM.

IT is a maxim in the law of England, that the kings of England are bound up, by all the ſtatutes made *pro bono publico*, that every order or direction of theirs contrary to the ſcope, and full intent of any ſuch ſtatute, is void and null in law.

But, the laſt prorogation of the parliament was an order of the king's contrary to an act of king Edward III. made for the greateſt common good, *viz.* The maintenance of all the ſtatutes of England, and for the prevention of the miſchiefs and grievances which daily happen.

Therefore

Therefore, the laſt prorogation of parliament is void and null in law.

Spoken by the duke in the houſe of lords, February 15th, 1676. *For which he was ſent to the tower.*

Suffering is ſweet when honour doth adorn it.
Who ſlights revenge? not he that fears, but ſcorns it.

FINIS.

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